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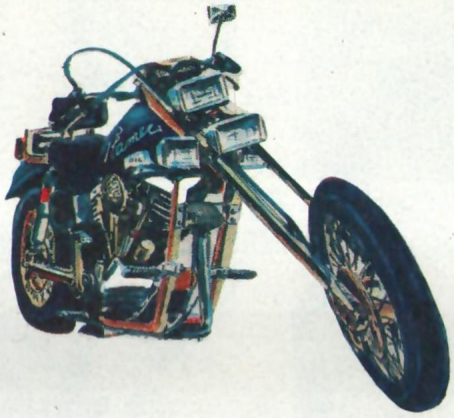

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Back Talk

Trash

☐ Just writin to tell you I found some great flicks of "Scooter Trash" in yer October issue.

I can't afford the video or the fuckin machine to play it on for that matter. but who needs that kind of shit as long as we can buy the best rag in the world. Thanks a million, Rocky DiRico, keep up the bad-ass work.—G. Browne, Manchester, NH

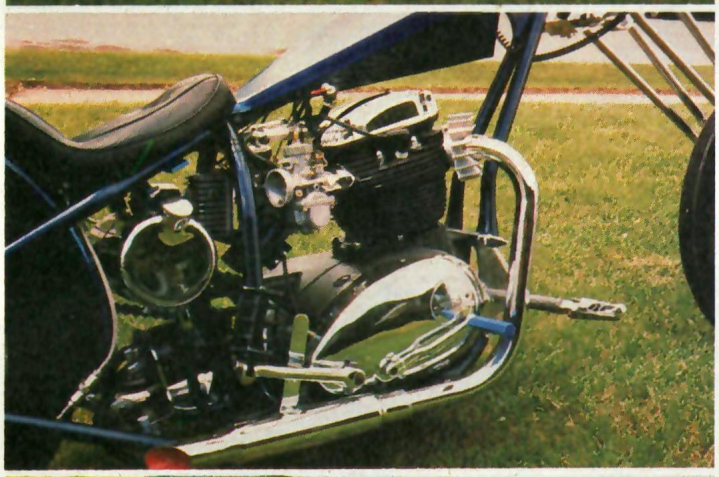
Attention K-Mart Shopers

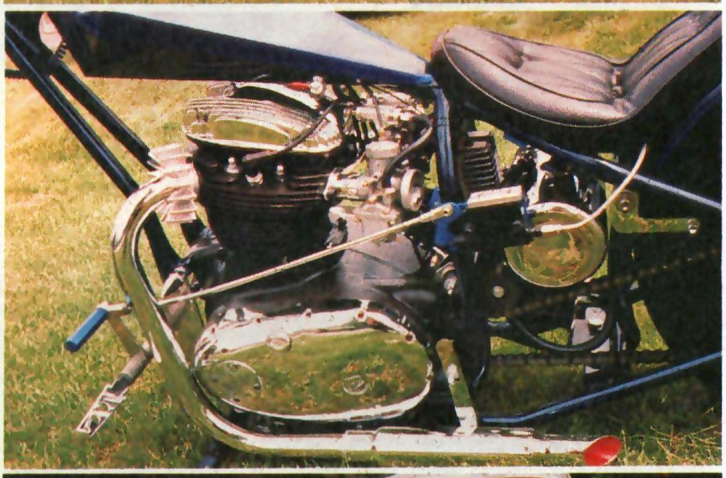
☐ I'm lookin lonly sister who will to start relationship how not fraid to get serie with me, I'm 5'8" my age is 26 years. I would like sister 21-22-23-24-26-27-18-19. I weigh 186. I an weight lifter, body builder. I like reading book, weight lifting. If any girl are looking for good guy to start relationship with write 1137 Busseron, Vincennes, Indiana 47592. Write back soone. Your truly Charles P.S. I want girl who is serie about having family. I like motor bike. Specialy Shoper.

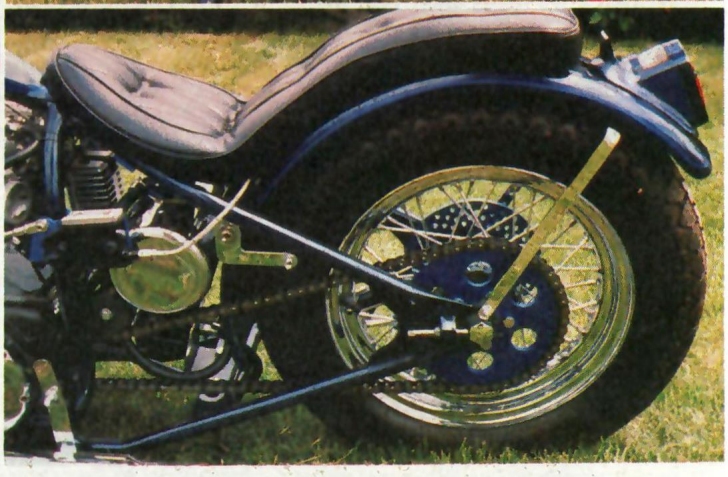
The True Minority

☐ Just want to congratulate ya on a great rag.

This is for "Loser" in Lansing, KS. Hey, bro—we're right down the







Prize-winnin' BSA

☐ You quoted Simpson form Quebec, Canada, as saying, "Ya haven't seen too many BAS's set up like this one."

This is my BSA. It's got a Smith Bros. girder (6" o/s), Santee hardtail and Smith Bros. hardhead. The frame is stretched 8 inches, lowered 4 inches and raked. The seat is only 20½ inches from the ground.

With the exception of the frame, I did all the fabrication and assembly, including the motor, myself.

I won 1st place at the Midwest Custom Bike Show in May. I was in the Radical Open 1000 cc and Under Class and won over several Sportys.

I've put a lot of time and effort into this bike (4½ years and $9000).—*Carl Lundgren, Loves Park, IL*

Please send your letters, complaints, praises or just raw cash to: Iron Horse, 300 West 43d Street, New York, NY 10036

street, here at Ft. Leavenworth (the military's misguided idea of a Fed joint). I've been tryin to put a program together here for the last few months, but I'm down to my last attempt for an in-house solution. Next stop, U.S. District Court. Topeka, KS. Seems the only program they'll support here are for blacks, Chicanos, Moslems,JHews and other "legitimate" minorities.

I'll be the first to admit that there's not many "True" bikers here, but even if I were the only one, I wouldn't give up the fight. What the hell, it it's worth having, it's worth fighting for!

Sorry, "Loser," but I can't write ya person-to-person, but "prison-to-prison" correspondence is strictly prohibited. Besides they like to read all incoming and outgoing mail anyway. So what da fuck!

But I thought I'd steer you towards the two people most responsible for support my effort—Rev. Kaiser (oops, can't forget Ann) of the Manchester Mission Church of Bikers, P. O. Box 1854, Manchester, CT 06040 and Bill Gannon of MMA's BBB (Bikers Behind Bars), Norfolk County Rep., P. O. Box 23, Dorchester, MA 02122-0023.

I can't say enough for these bros (and sister). Without them it'd be an awfully lonely fight. The Rev. and Ann are responsible for more "trouble" the the system in the New England area than the Boston Tea Party ever dreamed of. Bill Gannon is one of the founding members of the MMA's BBB, and from what I've seen, one hell of a bro.

Both organizations are from the East Coast, but their goal is to help all bikers. It will definitely be worth your while to drop em a line.

I've written to ABATE of Kansas in Lawrence,KS, and COOL in Topeka, but neither bothered to reply. I guess they're too "busy" to help us.

Well,"Loser," we here at the USDB wish ya the best of luck. Don't ever give up or give in. If there's anything I can do to help, let me know through the Rev. or Bill. When ya write em, tell em Rick Collins sent ya. Ride Free or Fight...Odin Lives.—Rick "The Wolf" Collins, Drawer A .71960, Ft. Leavenworth, KS 66027

Gotta Do It

☐ To the girl in the August issue, page 39, top photo on the left, wearing the black shorts.

I'm 18, 5'9", 165 pounds, long brown hair, blue eyes and a great body. I am doing 3 years with 10 months to go. If you're out there and reading this, please write. Or anybody out there that could help me out with her name or address, please write. I've got to meet this girl.—Mario "Don" Hackney, M1836. 13200 S. Bloomfield Ave., Norwalk, CT 09650

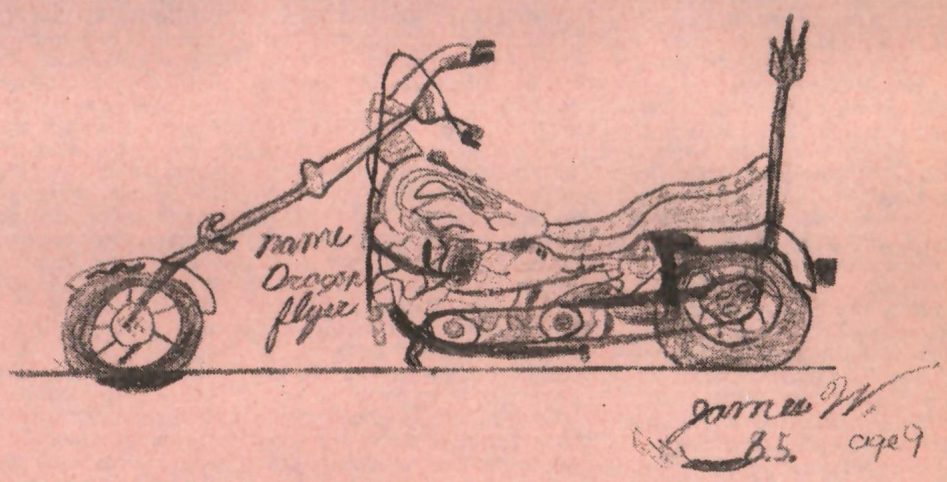
Rush

☐ I started cruisin with a pocket full of dreams and the plans of a wiseman.

I ended up with a wasted bike and a badly broken leg. Hit by a cager in August of '84. After 7 operations, I'm still in and out of the hospital. Without yer righteous mag to read, I'd a gone fuckin nuts months ago.

Just thought I'd send you a picture of myself where I'm spending my time—the hospital. To see me in yer rag would give me a much needed rush. I'd appreciate whatever ya can do.

I'll be back in the saddle again, cruisin the highways.—Cetee Goring, Lyndhurst, NJ



Worthy Art

☐ I'm enclosing a drawing that my 9-year-old son did. He was looking at your rag and decided he could draw a scoot, too.

I know it's not the best, but I think it's pretty good for his age. His name is James Worthy—Carolyn Woods, Lubbock, TX

Chickenshit Punks

☐ I think this is a sad story and some good advice from a bro who's going to be down for a while.

I've been in an adult prison since I was a young rugrat. I'm eighteen now and I don't consider myself as a rugrat no longer. I've got two life sentences and twenty years' running wild because my trustworthy bust partner lost his nerve when these shit-eating pigs busted us in a hot car that my trustworthy partner snatched while robbing a place and killing someone. I was sixteen when that happened, but since I've been here I've learned that those so-called trustworthy partners can turn out to be chicken-shit punks!.I hope yall take it into consideration and publish this so some of them chicken-shit punks might read it and realize they need to be real bros! Maybe my trustworthy partner will read it and hang himself!—*T.C., A Real Bro*

Pissed Over Privette

☐ Your hell is your own altered reality, and I hope you're burnin there right now, cause you pissed this Christian off!

What kind of acid were you on to see the number 666 on any part of Uncle Sam!

Before the rest of this world bows to Israel, they should get their own shit together and someone should deport your ass for calling the Statue of Liberty a whore!

By the way, Vic Prick, on the eighth day, God created Harley Davidsons!—*Al Palomar Lakewood, NJ*

American Flagg

☐ In your September '85 issue, your "Runnin' Free" section showed a pic entitled "Busted" (p. 63). How ironic...

In Toulumne County, California, on August 3, 1985, there was a "questionable death." William Eddy Flagg, a biker and family man among other things, was arrested on a public intoxication charge. He had left the establishment unharmed, arrived at the jail unconscious, and subsequently was pronounced *dead on arrival* at the community hospital. For the record, his blood alcohol level was .12 after a few beers and a meal at the bar. Also for the record, the autopsy showed (and allow me to quote: *Sonora, California, Tuesday Sept 3, 1985 "The report of an autopsy done on Flagg, 38, cited cause of death as suffocation attributable to a blunt force injury of the neck."*) According to witnesses, he left the establishment peaceably, and under control.

This will be printed a few months after the fact, but the point is this: We, family members, individual bikers, group and club members, all of us, banded together to fight this injustice. You can do the same. To date, we have had a grand jury investigation; a citizen's committee to check into hiring practices of law officers; numerous letters were written to appropriate people and we're working on a petition to recall the sheriff. Kathy Flagg and the kids received donations from a benefit given for them to help them continue their fight for justice.

This letter is intended to make you aware that these injustices exist everywhere and we don't have to take them lying down.—*Maureen Schat, Valley Springs, CA*

Yellow Peril

☐ Yea! Who are the assholes who talk shit about bikers (HD Riders)? Some say they'll fuck your mother and stomp on you.

Well, let me tell you a story. I was riding my sporty through California, about 20 miles out of Bakersfield going north when three guys on nice rockets rode up on me and started giving me the bird, so I started giving them a little push, you know. To say the least I was pissed as hell as they smoked on down the road..

About 20 minutes later I pulled into a 76 station for some go juice. I filled er up as I noticed the store across the way. I went over for some sodas, but shit, as luck has it I picked up a six of malt liquor instead and shit, I knew Coke don't come in tall cans.

Anyway, I drank the beer and was going on my way when what do I see? Three Jap riders pulling into the gas station! So being a right friendly guy I went over to talk to them. (I left my scoot at the store.) These wimps saw me about halfway across the street, but I don't think they knew quite what to do. Anyway I got this terrible cramp in my leg and I jumped up and landed on the tank of this bike. Well, the cramp kept on coming and when it was over, there was three downed rice burners and three downed riders.

They let me out 18 months later, but it seems to me that I should be able to defend myself against this type of bike gangs. These JAP gangs are dangerous.—*Killer, Waycross GA P.S. It is illegal to pack your gloves with lead shavings.*

American Tramps

☐ This is Animal down here in this Missouri place doing a few.

Me an my brother, Lonnie is wantin our letter to get put in your fuckin rag or when wee get out we are going to burn it to the ground! An you really don wanna have a bunch of bros mad at us, do ya? Well I'm 6'4" and 250 lbs., have long greasy hair and beard an staches, tattooed and fightin like hell down here. Brother Lonnie is 6', 180 lbs. long blond an blue with beard an stach, tattooed with some education. We both eat pussy, don brush our teeth an our breath smells like beans we done ate. We're mean sometimes and don give a fuck bout nothin at all. We don wanna be hearin from none of those rice bikers cause we're both American tramps. Made in the U.S. of A. an goin back to East L.A. when released. We don play games—never liked em in school. We both drink mud, an fart righteous enough cause we're jus a couple of cowboys. So write us if you wanna do so. *C.A. "Animal" Bettis, #45962 Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102 and Lonnie "Red" Neal, #47676 Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102*

Worthy Cause

☐ We need your help. Is there anyone in this world with a warm heart that is willing to help the unfortunate ones?

We are starting a new program to help the needy with food and clothing. If every bro could donate one dollar or more we could help. Our neighbors are starving.

Please help by sending your donation today, or if you are one of the unfortunate ones, please let us know. We're here to help. WE will not turn anyone down unless we run out of funds. Please spread the word. We need everyone's help.

We are the world: thanks to our bros and neighbors. Send donations to: Wayne Englebert, President, Dept. F.D., 42 Stanley Street, Mt. Morris New York 14510

D.W.I.

☐ I'm sure we have all heard of the MADD (Mothers Against Drunk Driving) version of the drinking and driving problem. I think it is only fair that we look at the other side of the story.

There has been thousands of innocent victims of the law, hard working people that have lost their jobs, their homes, and even their families because of D.W.I. tickets that they didn't really deserve. I think that if the police really understood the serious aftereffects of D.W.I.'s they wouldn't hand them out like parking tickets.

What does this have to do with bikers? Well, gauging from the amount of beer drunk at the average run, I would say, a lot! You know that just by driving a Harley you have a better than average chance of being stopped. If you have been having a few beers with the boys during the day, your Blood Alcohol Content can kind of sneak up on you, to .05 or .10, and if you get stopped, you have had it. Do you know what you are going to do if you do get stopped? Unless you have done a through study of the law, chances are your answers are wrong.

Sure, I can see if a person has been in an accident and has injured someone or damaged a lot of property, some punishment would be in order, but not in the case of D.W.I. road blocks, a dim tail light or other minor violations.

Breathalizer and polygraph machines are right *most* of the time. Polygraphs can not be used in a court of law to prove a person is guilty because most of the time, they just aren't good enough. So how can we accept a breathalizer test when we know that test results of .10-.25 have been beaten in a court of law. Believe it or not, the laws are very carefully written to protect the innocent driver that has been drinking. The hard part is fully understanding the law and applying it to your exact situation. We are trying to be fair and open-minded about this problem, we would greatly appreciate your comments pro or con. If you feel you have been unfairly convicted or might be someday, please drop us a line, we would like to help.—Americans For True Justice R. RT. #2, Box 129A Clinton, WI. 53525

New evidence has come out saying that maybe the guidelines set by the law are all fucked up. You've all seen those ads on TV where they give a 94-pound secretary, who has never had a drink in her life, three shots of Old Panther Piss, then she goes out and is unable to run a simple pattern between traffic cones. Whoa, says the law, three drinks and a 275-pound biker can't find his way home either. Is that right? Is that reality? We ain't comin out fer drunken drivin, but ya might want to join a new group we heard about. It's called D.A.M.M.—Drunks Against Mad Mothers—Ed.

Lookin' Fer Ladies

☐ How about printing this in your mag?

White male of 35 seeking righteous ole ladies from everywhere to write and send pictures to help this bit go by—be out on the streets November '86 to ride and party. No head games or fatties. rug rats welcome. Want lady to pack and party and enjoy life with. I am 6'1", 230 lbs., brown hair and eyes and beard.—C. Ryan # 852684 Dorm 2-W, W.C.C., P.O. Box 473, Westville IN 46391-0473

Locked Down

☐ To all the bros in the free world: remember us locked down bros T.C. and I.

I got three lifes running for bullshit. I done the crime and I can do the time. It would help us out a lot if we could get some kites from y'all to keep us up to date on the free world. your rag is the only thing keeping me and my homeboy going. We are both on high maximum security and can't keep your rag with us for long, but long enough to enjoy them. I am 23 years old and hit the streets again when I become 43. That's a long time to do without hearing from a chick, so please write us.

Iron Horse and bros, keep going, y'all are the best thing that happened to the U.S. of A. I will return with y'all, in the free world or in Harley heaven we will meet again. Keep your knees off the pavement and the smile on your face. Ladies, if you're locked down, we can receive mail from you. Thanks, *Iron Horse*, you're better than a parole date.—Jerry Yarborough EF-183783 and Thomas Couch EF-169744, P.O. Box 709 GII, Alto GA 30596-4000

COME ON IN TO iron horse

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Name _____

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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Do ya own a bike? Make _____ Is it chopped? _____

(Please print yer name and address to avoid errors).

ON THE RIGHT TRACK

Photos By Von Scoot

When the racing engines roar, you can hear em with yer soul.

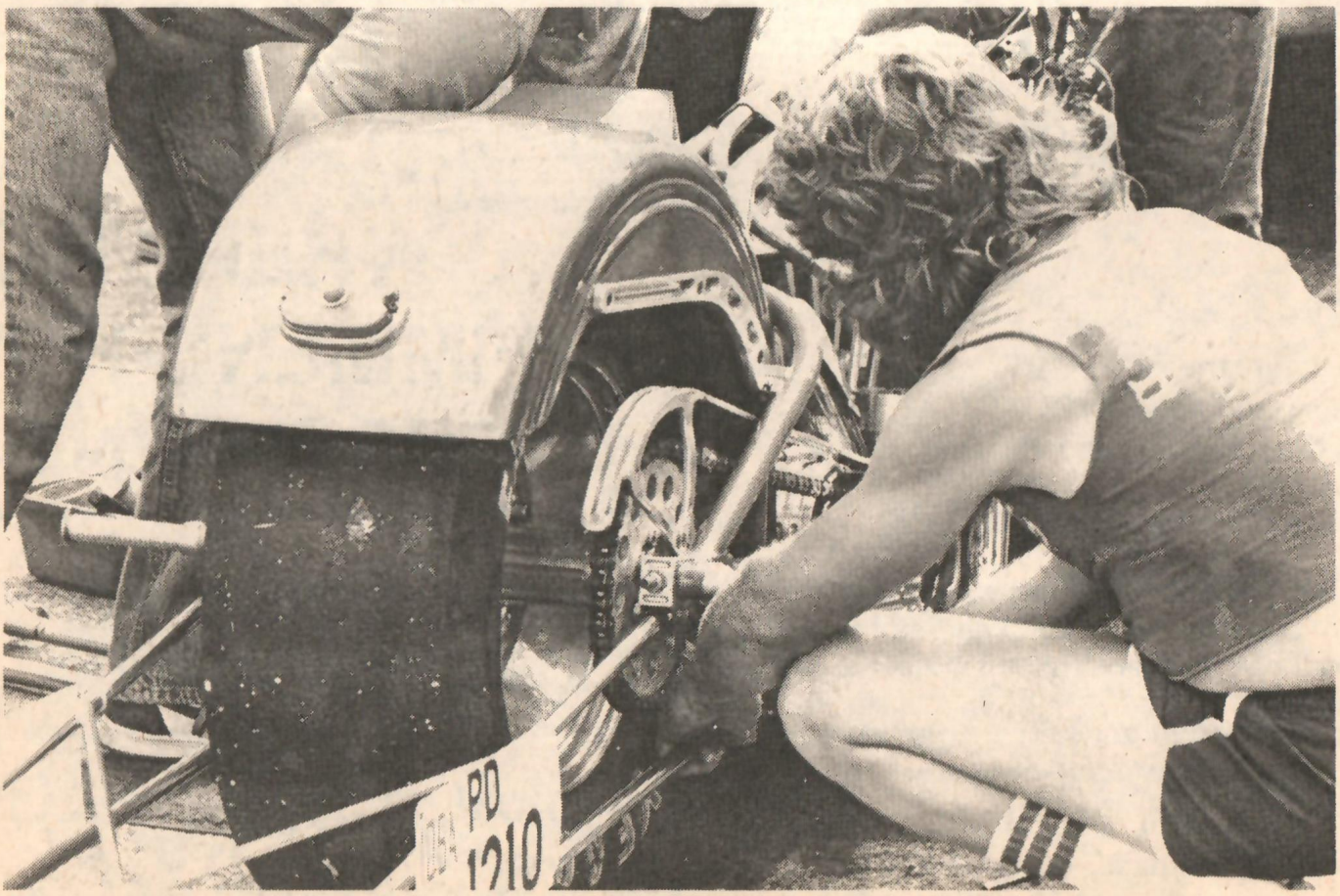
Call it wish-fulfillment. Call it dreaming. Call it Ralph. It don't matter what ya call it, but everytime you go to the drags somethin in your blood starts to boil. I mean, we're talkin arousal, man, a sexual thrill that tingles your balls and rattles your bones when ya hear those finely tuned engines blastin out their sweet music...when ya smell the oily smoke belchin from those pipes...when ya hear the screamin rubber diggin in for a good hold on the track. This is livin, no, it's more than livin, it's being a part of something bigger than life.

So ya think to yerself, why ain't I out there with those dudes, competin with those fuckers to bring home a winner? That's the dream, man.

But then reality sets in. Ya ain't got enough dough to get juice fer the ol Hog, let alone racin cams; and the pitiful ol sporty was never really ever very fast (ya spent what seemed like hours of agony watchin the tail-end of ricers spittin in yer face); and maybe ya don't want to lose and look like a fool in front of your bros; and on and on, the upshot being that if life is a shit sandwich, you're gobblin it down faster'n a pro-racer.

Leastways, that's how I feel when I get out to the track and start makin excuses for myself. But even if you're like the man who's peckeer's been cut off, ya can still look. That don't hurt ya, and for the price of admission you can dream of bein out there, on the line, ready to show the world just how fuckin good ya really are.

Take a look at these here flicks shot by Von Scoot at the All-Harley Drags at Atco in Jersey and you'll see what I mean. Call it wish-fulfillment or call it shit, don't mean nothin when the blood begins to boil. Nothing except yer on the right track. □



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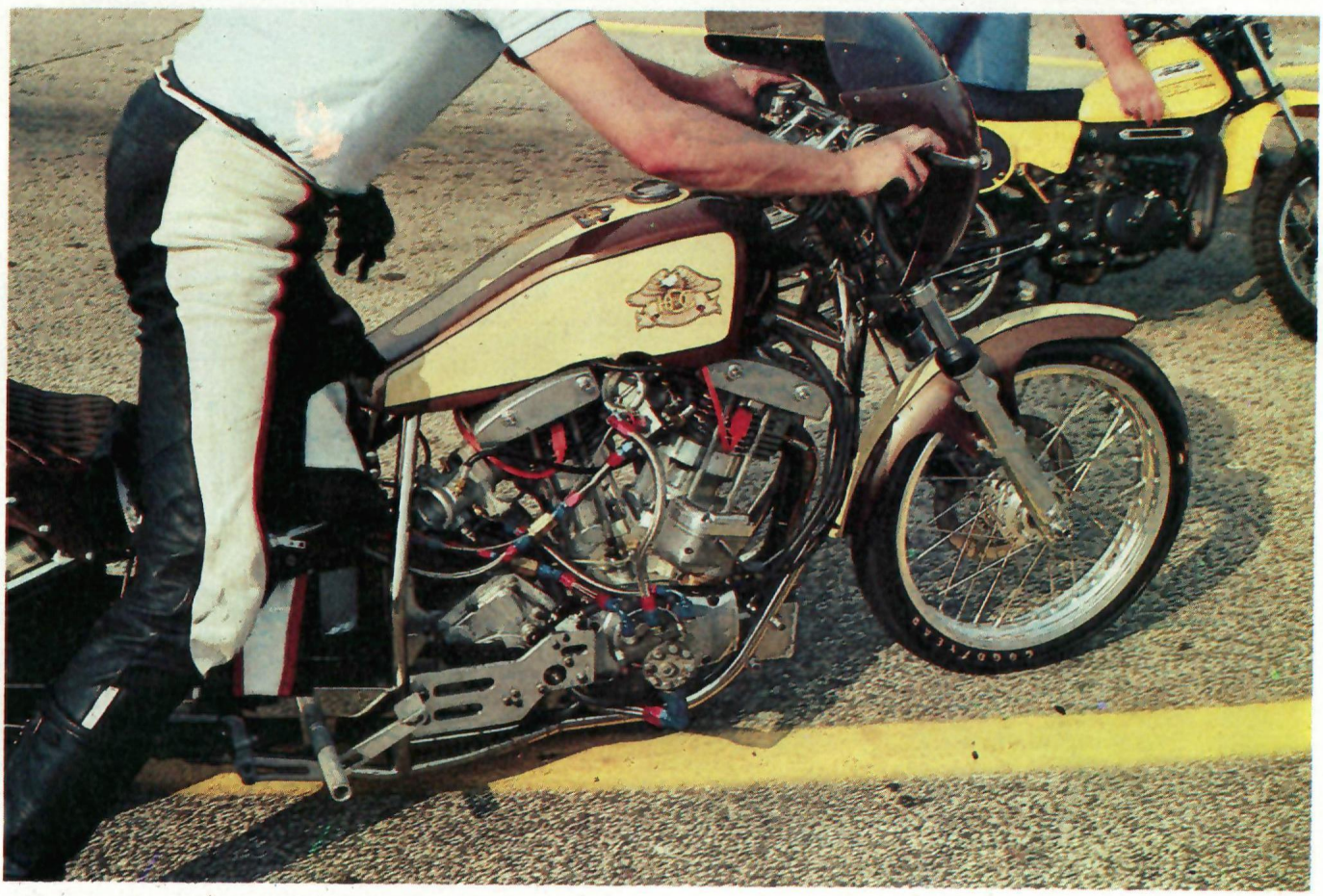

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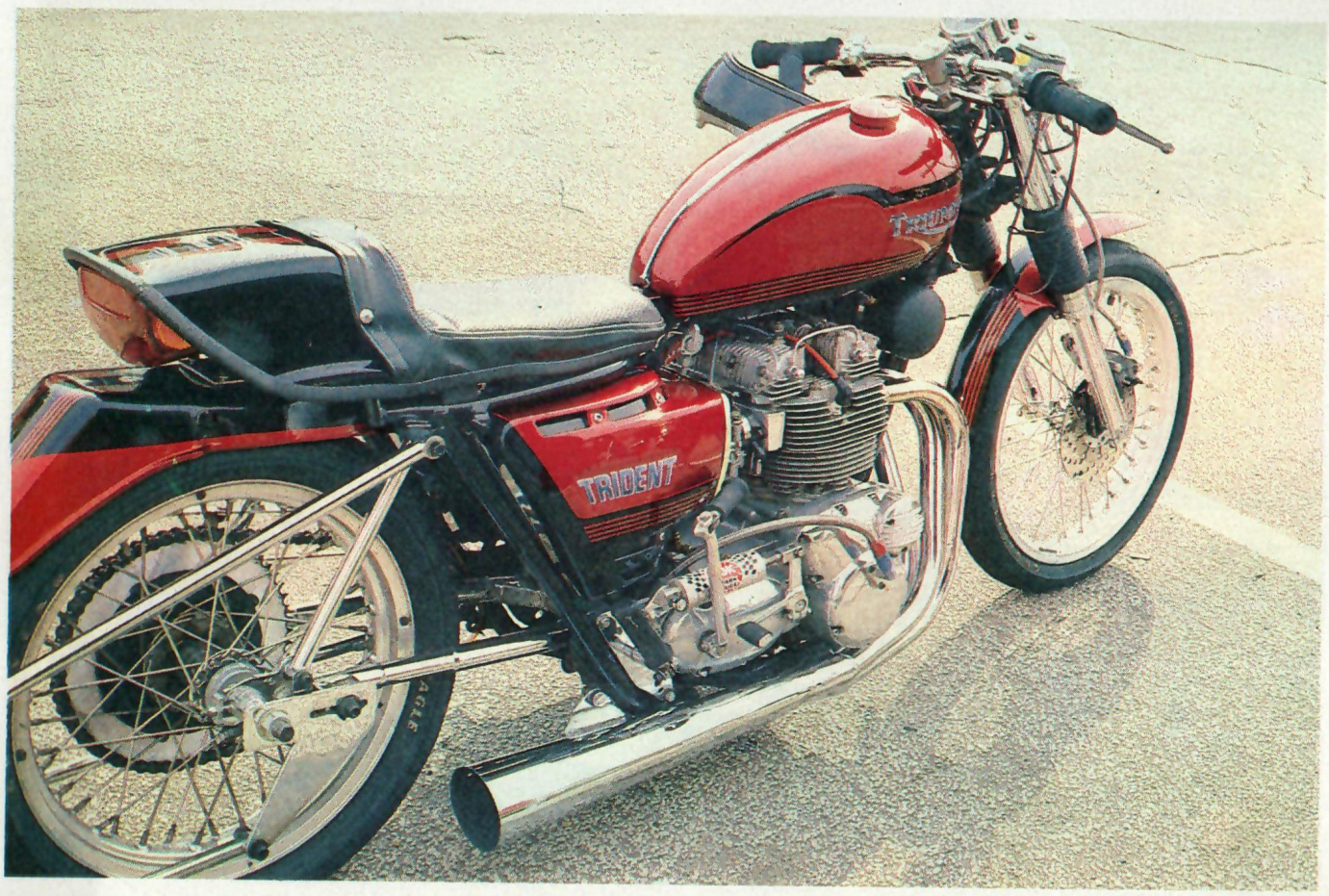
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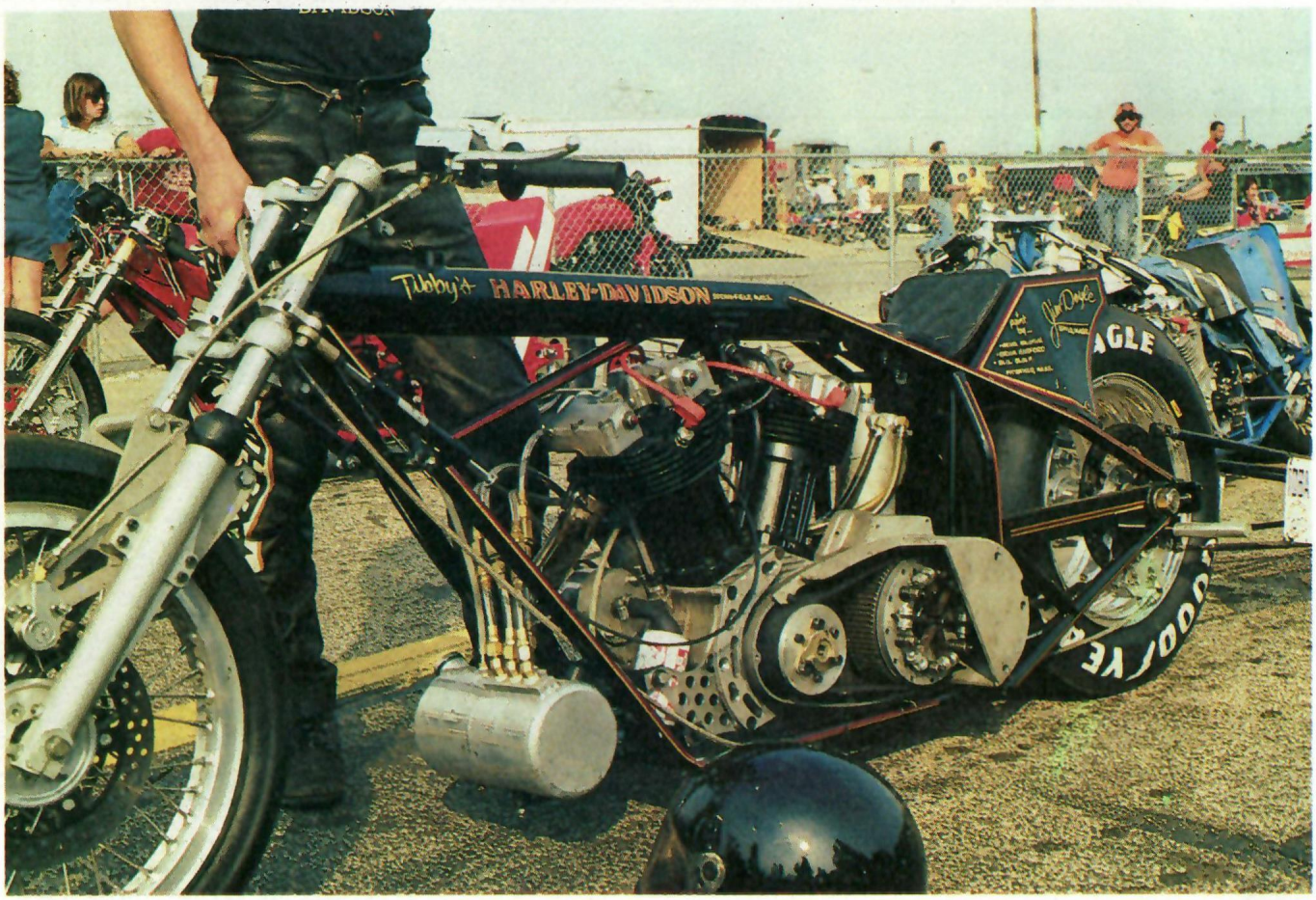

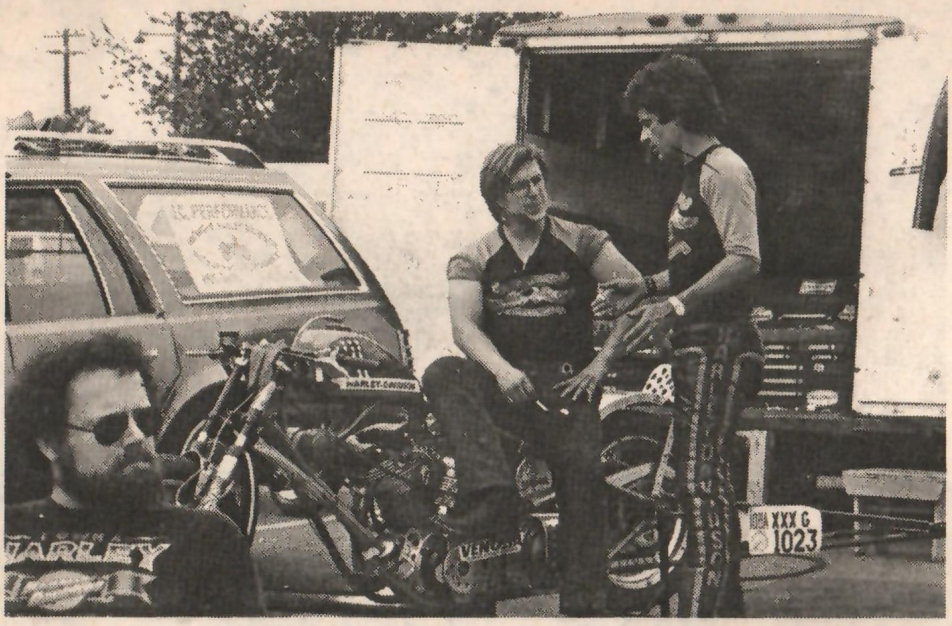
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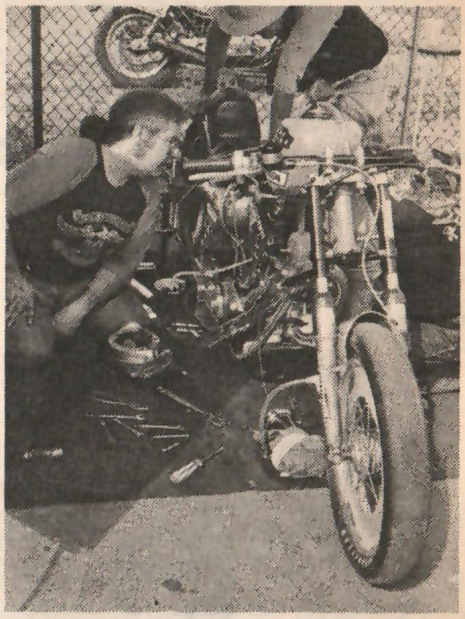
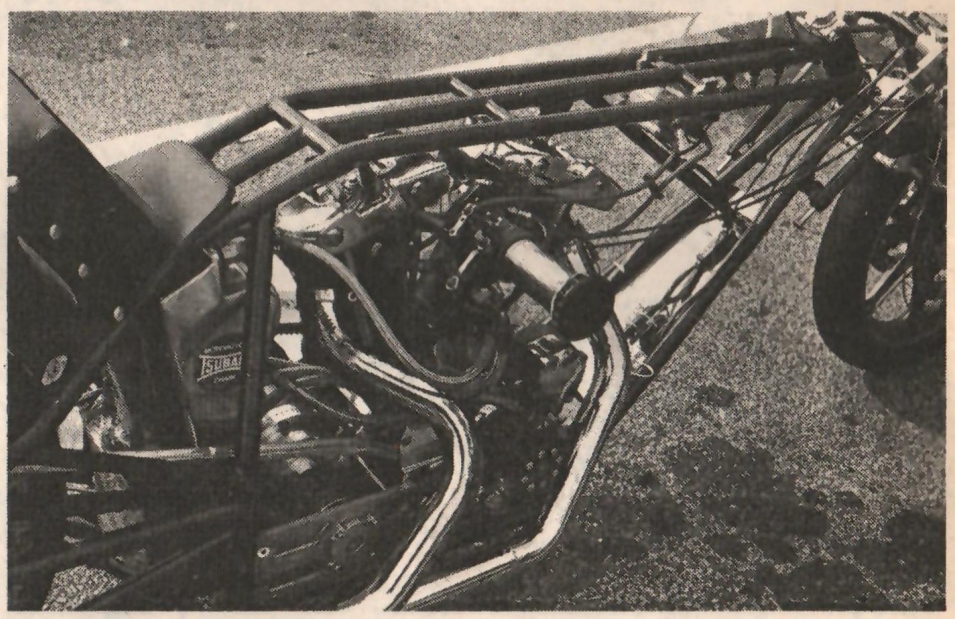
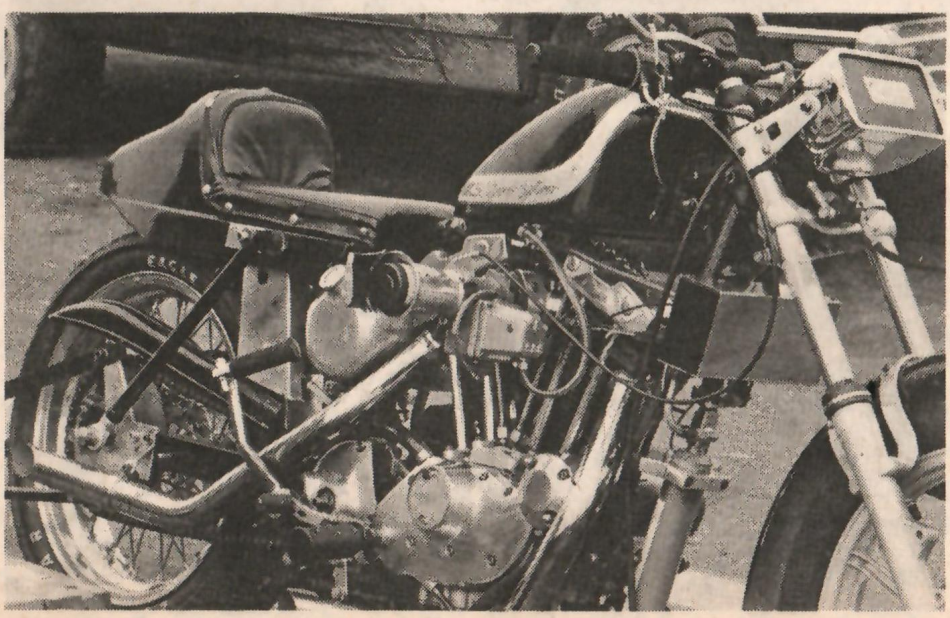


SHOUT AT THE DEVIL





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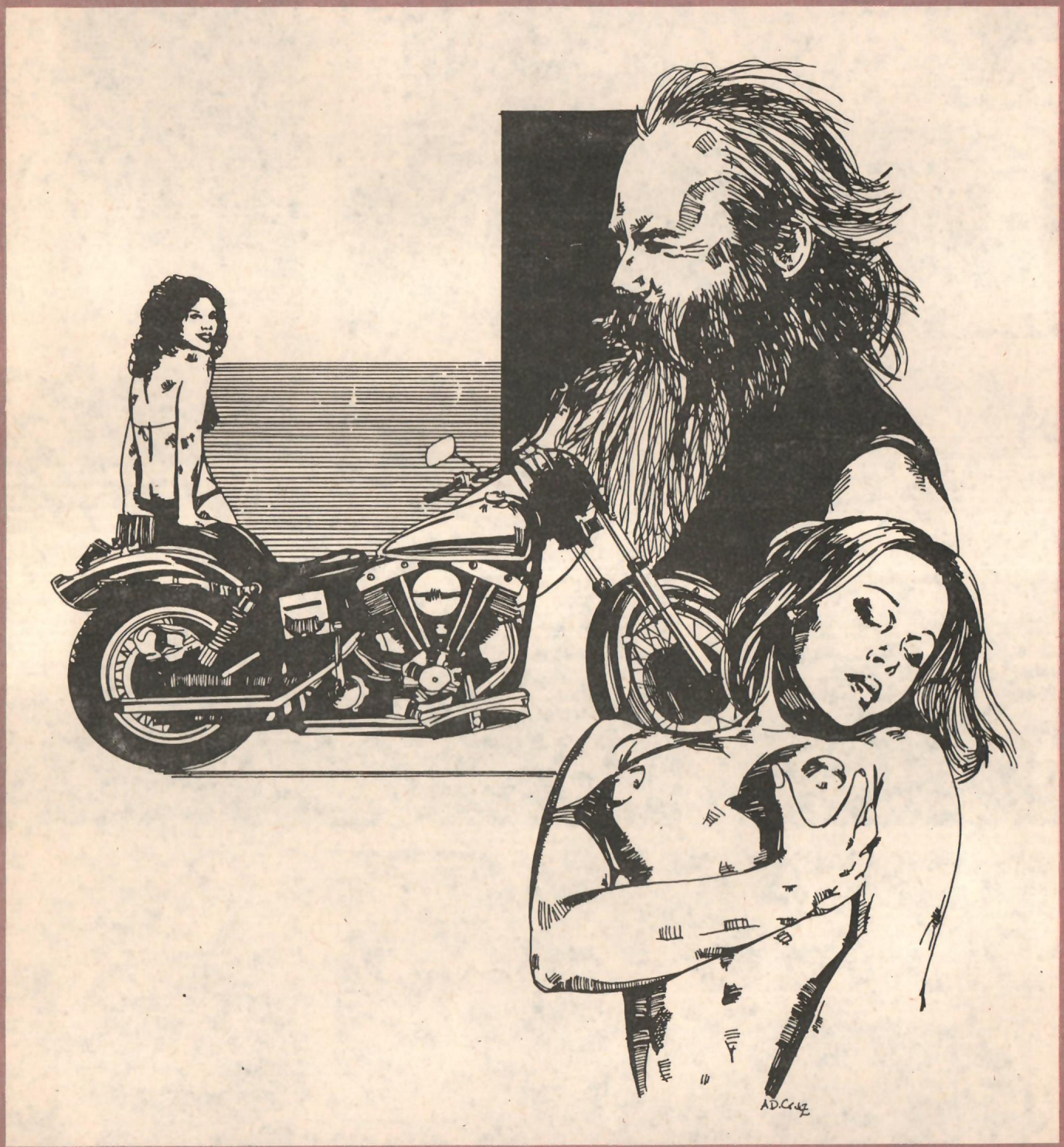
A.D.Cruz

FREEDOM'S DREAM

By J.B. Robertson

When yer down and they've taken everything away, dreams are your only escape.

Barry shivered. He was covered in a cold sweat. When he awoke in the middle of the night like this, he felt even more trapped, more hopeless than in the daylight. At least during the day he could see the sun and feel the breeze on his face in the exercise yard. At night all you saw if you opened your eyes were the chillingly familiar outlines of your cage and the endless, faintly gleaming bars fading away into the distant gloom.

Those long, lonely nights behind the barred door were harder to handle because of the dream. It had started months ago as a wonderful dream, an inspiring dream, keeping his hopes alive until the day when he'd finally leave this hell forever. It had started, in fact, the day Karen had said, so quietly he barely heard, "One year from today I'll be waiting at the gate, and one year from tonight you'll have blown your wad so much ya won't walk right for a week." Barry wasn't sure he heard right until he noticed the obscene things her tongue was doing to her finger, and the way her nips were all but ripping though the thin material of her T-shirt. A real good ol lady, Karen. When he got locked down, she'd paid off the shyster and kept up the mortgage on his little shack, as well as putting his sled very securely under wraps in the garage. Her boss was okay, too. An ex-con himself, he'd offered to find a place for Barry in his packing plant. Packing meat wasn't the greatest job in the world, but it wasn't any worse than anything else. A scooter, a house, an old lady, and a job were all waiting for him on the other side of the fuckin gate, and a year would see him outside, enjoying life.

It didn't seem like such a long time then. "Four down and one to go," he kept thinking. With a song like that in his mind, he was sure to dream that night of seeing the big gates swing open as he paced toward them. He stepped through to take his first deep breath of free man's air, and the sun broke through the clouds to dance over gleaming chrome. He ran his hands lovingly over the black-and-gold tank and reached for the familiar leathers hung ready on the bar. As he settled into the saddle, Karen's long legs slithered across his back and her hands nestled around his crotch. She gave a little squeeze as he rolled away from the forbidding walls with their leering guards.

He felt everything in the dream... the heavy throb of the Harley beneath him... the surge of power as he cracked open the throttle... the wind whistling through his hair and stinging his prison-softened skin... and especially the impression of space.

Afterward, Barry could never be sure how fast he'd been moving. The first hundred miles blew past in a series of twisting curves and rolling hills. He leaned instinctively. Uncalculated reactions pushed or eased his wrist on the throttle, clamped his hand on the clutch, and tapped his foot through the gears. Trees and power poles slid by on the edges of his vision. The wind jammed the yellow stripes into a never-ending stream slipping away under his wheels.

Gradually, his kidneys, unused to the punishment, demanded his attention and he pulled over to ease their protests. Some awareness returned as he stretched and flexed his arms, but the mindless ride had forever exorcised the bitterness of the past years. Karen smiled, and he grinned back, knowing she understood his need to blow the dust from his thoughts.

The last half of the ride home was slow and easy as Barry absorbed familiar sights and sensations. It was still early afternoon when he rolled into the town he'd left so long ago under armed escort. He cruised the streets noting the changes, the unfamiliar sign on a well-remembered garage, the new roadhouse, the unexpected empty lot in the middle of a block. He swung onto the packed gravel of the Red Rooster's lot and pulled up at the end of a long row of scooters. Many of these he recognized like old friends, and the voices of their riders roared a welcome as he opened the door. A wave of beer-laden breath swept over him as Ludo, Comanche, Ike, Bobcat, and a score of bros and their ladies crowded around with handshakes, bearhugs, and assorted shouts of greeting.

Karen finally cleared the blocked doorway by hollering, "beer!" at the top of her lungs. In moments BArry was planted in a chair, with more beer in front of him than six ordinary men could drink. That state of affairs exactly suited his mood. Every few minutes another old friend would drift in to hammer on his back, adding another beer to the clutter and another voice to the babble already assaulting his eardrums. It was one helluva welcome, but after a few hours Barry regretfully realized he'd never get on the outside of all that beer and still be in shape to get inside anything else, especially his ol lady. She was sitting quietly beside him, looking sexier by the second, and he decided it was time to change the location of his particular party. He endured another round of spine-jarring thumps and promised the welcoming committee he'd be around again sometime the next day.

The bike started first kick, a good omen. Within a quarter hour, he was lounging comfortably on the couch in his own living room, with his feet on the coffee table. He had a cold brew in one hand, a reef in the other, good rock echoing in his ears, and lust on his mind. Karen had settled him there before disappearing into the bedroom, saying she'd be back in a minute. He figured he'd give her about thirty seconds more

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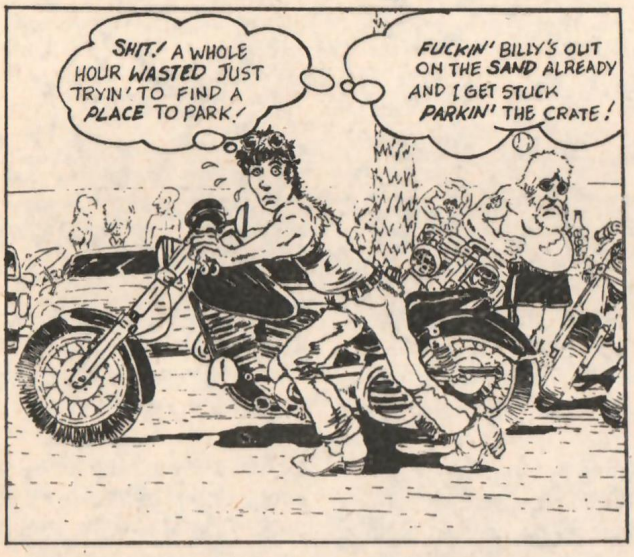
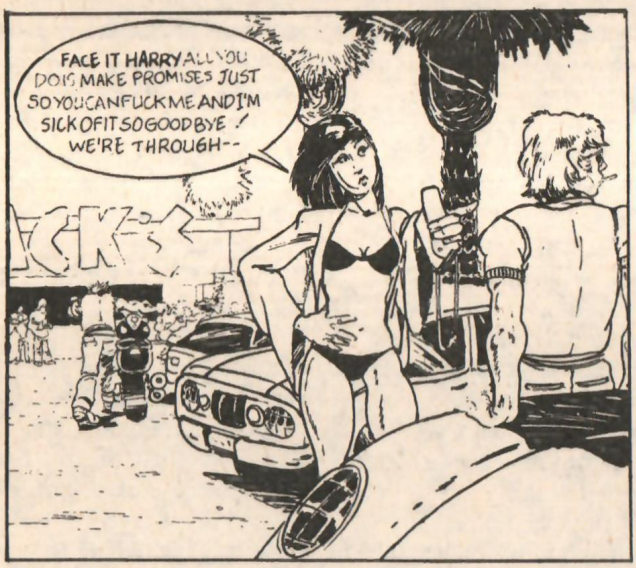
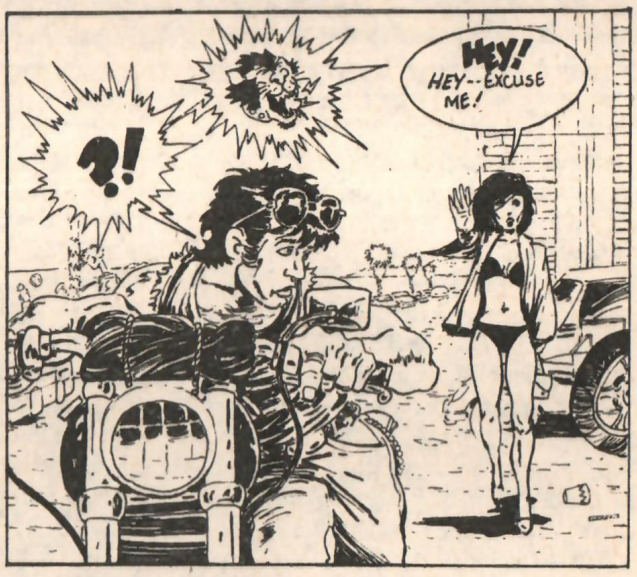
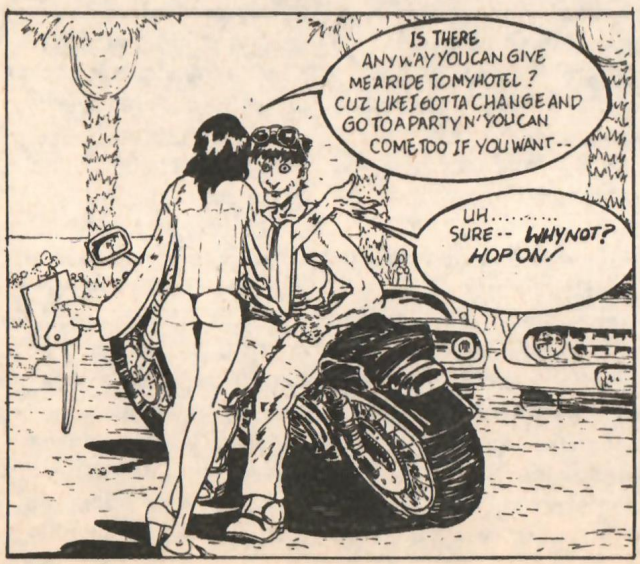
Shovelhead
by ROBERT BENA

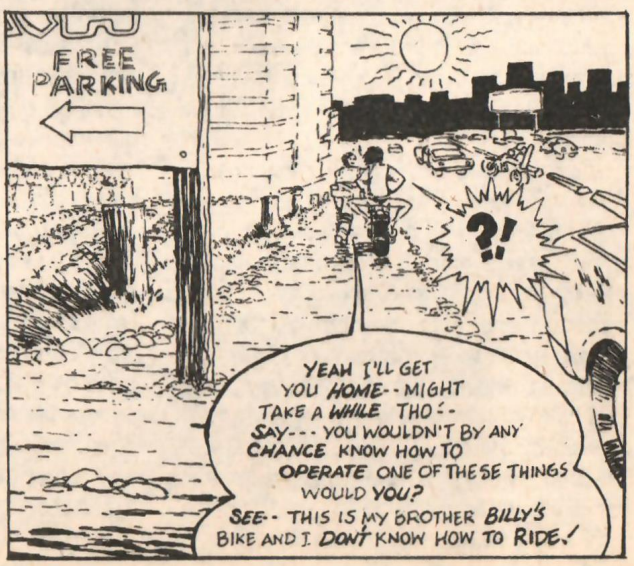

SHIT! A WHOLE HOUR WASTED JUST TRYIN' TO FIND A PLACE TO PARK!
FUCKIN' BILLY'S OUT ON THE SAND ALREADY AND I GET STUCK PARKIN' THE CRATE!

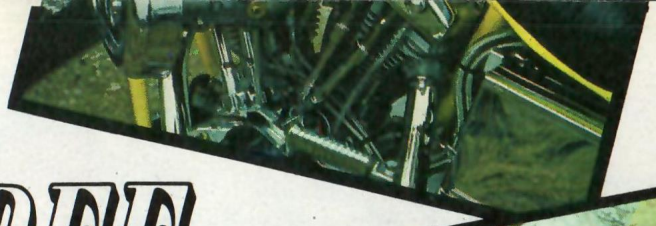
HRNK!
LOOK AT ALL THE TIGHT FANNY! OH-I'M WASTIN' MAN HOURS NOW!


FACE IT HARRY ALL YOU DO IS MAKE PROMISES JUST SO YOU CAN FUCK ME AND I'M SICK OF IT SO GOODBYE! WE'RE THROUGH--


?!
HEY! HEY--EXCUSE ME!


IS THERE ANY WAY YOU CAN GIVE ME A RIDE TO MY HOTEL? CUZ LIKE I GOTTA CHANGE AND GO TO A PARTY N' YOU CAN COME TOO IF YOU WANT--
UH..... SURE-- WHY NOT? HOP ON!


FREE PARKING
?!
YEAH I'LL GET YOU HOME-- MIGHT TAKE A WHILE THO:- SAY--- YOU WOULDN'T BY ANY CHANCE KNOW HOW TO OPERATE ONE OF THESE THINGS WOULD YOU? SEE-- THIS IS MY BROTHER BILLY'S BIKE AND I DON'T KNOW HOW TO RIDE!



RUNNIN' FREE RENDEZVOUS!

GET YER SHIT TOGETHER AND SEND US YER RAISIN-PIE FLICKS

SAVE THE GARBAGE FER THE OTHER RAGS

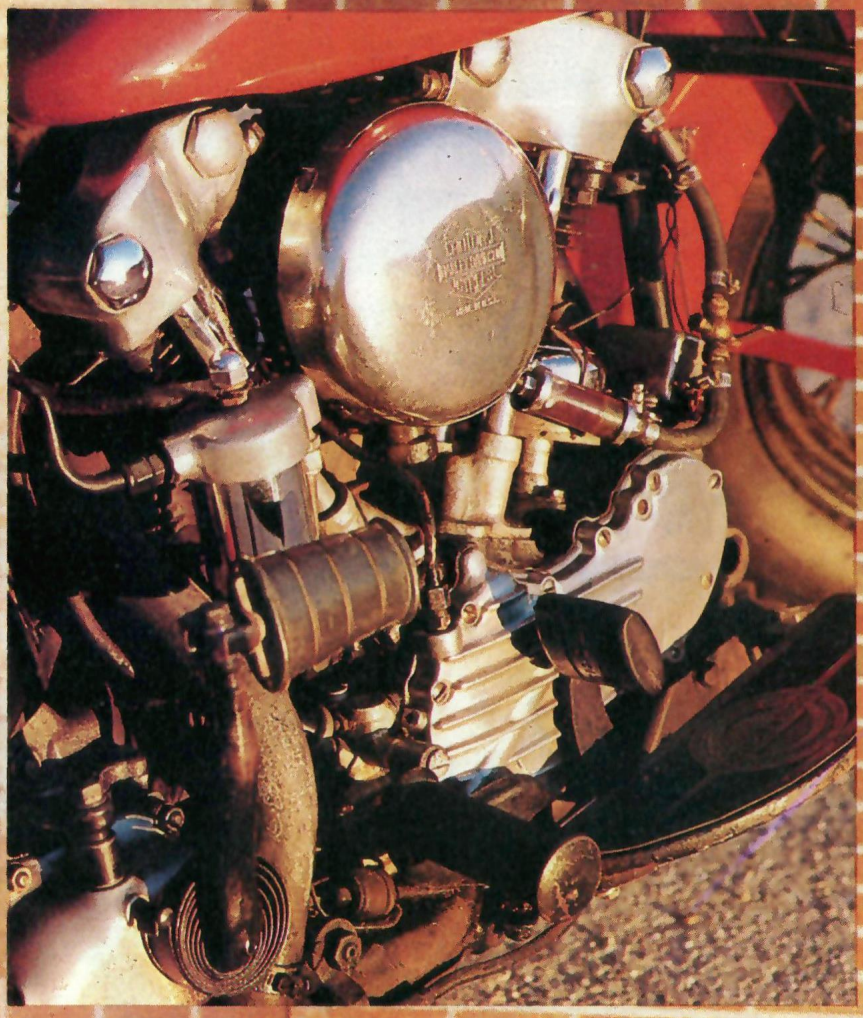
A coupla times a year we pick out the best flicks our readers have sent us and print em up in a RUNNIN' FREE SPECIAL EDITION. We appreciate all the stuff ya send in, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. What we want is good, in-focus, black-and-white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35 mm or 2¼ X 2¼)—nothin else.

Whether it's a bro an his ol lady puttin down the highway or the hellacious good times of a biker bash or the leg-wettin sight of a splittail splittin tail—we wanna look at em all. But only the best will do.

Be sure to write yer name and address on each print or slide you send. And oh, yeah—we now pay $20 for each b&w we use and $35 for the color stuff.

Send us yer best: IRON HORSE, RUNNIN' FREE SPECIAL EDITION, P.O. Box 2163, New York, NY 10116.

NOTE: All prints and slides must be individually identified with yer name and address. We'll try ta get yer stuff back to ya, but we don't guarantee nothin, so if ya want us to try, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with yer flicks.



INHERIT THE WIND

A Fallen Bro's '47 Knuck—His Last Will & Testament

Story By Billy Black Photos By WW

Bout ten years back, Scottie Charmers sold his beloved '47 Knucklehead to a friend who he knew wouldn't "chop it up." A few weeks later, he was dead. That friend, a righteous bro by the name of Brad Osborn, keeps the sled in A-1 condition, runin it once in a while, but wouldn't change it one bit. He also wouldn't sell it, in case that went though yer mind while lookin at these pics. Scottie was a good ol Harley boy an never went nowhere without his sled, which he got from the original owner. Now it's all that's left of him, besides a memory.

Once in a while, Brad displays the ol Knuck in his showroom at Union Motorcycle Salvage in Houston, which is the largest in Texas. People come by and recognize the ride as Scott's, and remember him by it. Brad and his partner, Tony Cable, make a livin by savin ol iron that might otherwise end up rusted on the scrap heap, but it's a labor of love fer them.

This pristine Knuck is stone stock—it's never been broken into, except fer tune-ups and regular maintenance. It resides in kinda a museum at Union Motorcycle salvage with a collection of about 30 antique scoots. Another 3,000 used bikes in the yards assure a supply of parts fer these rarities in the years ahead. Union was offered both a Harley and a Kawasaki dealership but turned them both down, preferring to be independent. There ain't no other way to be. □

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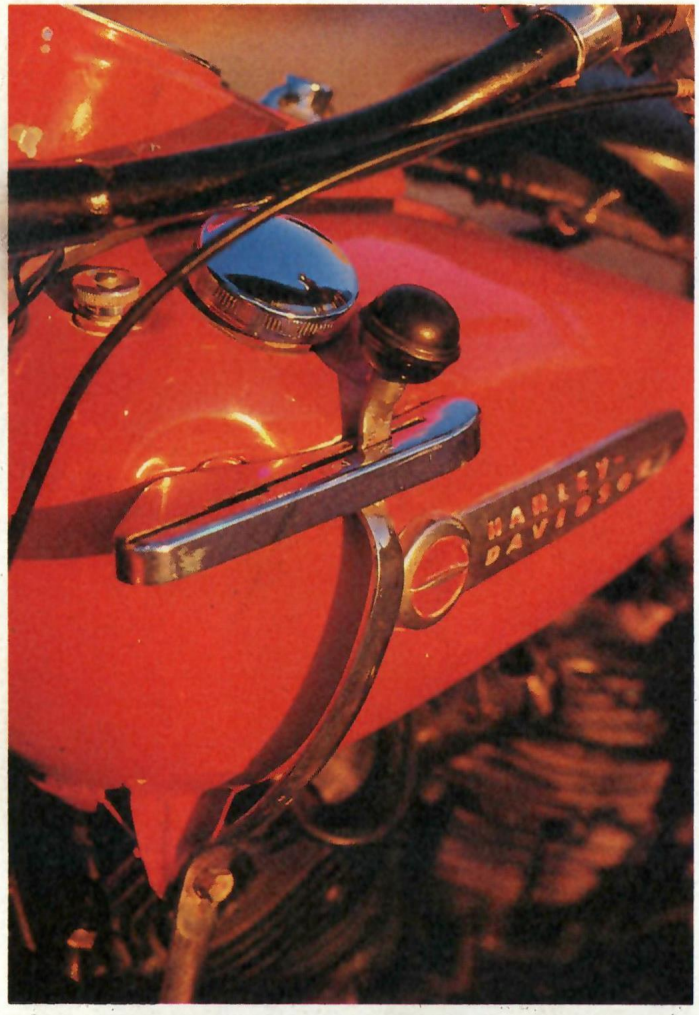
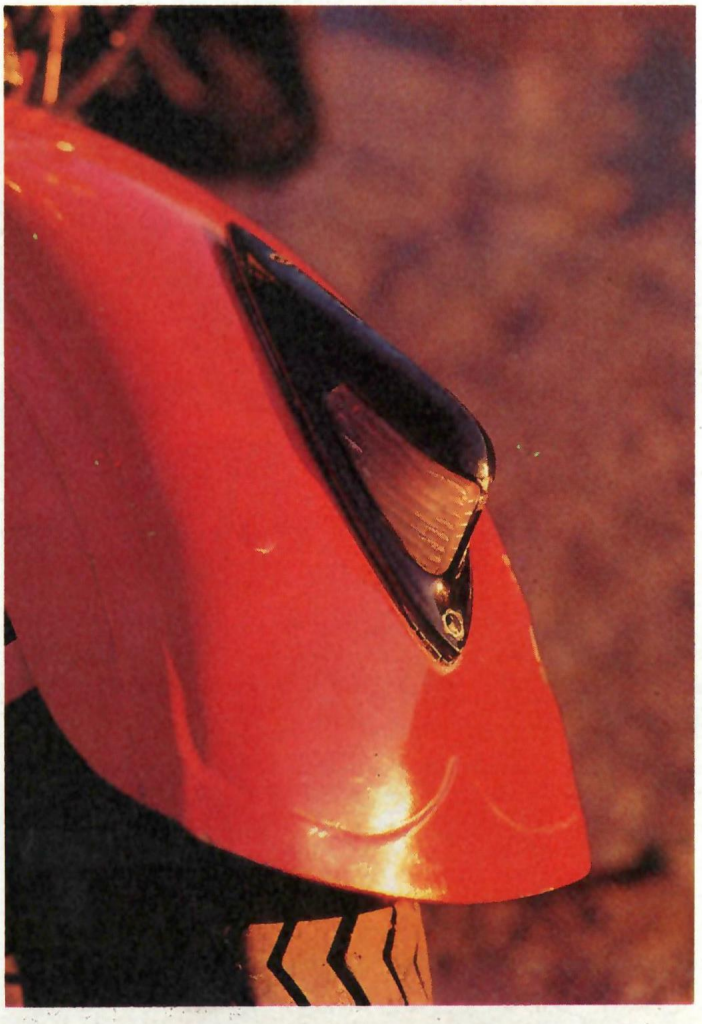
120
GEN OIL


HARLEY-
DAVIDSON



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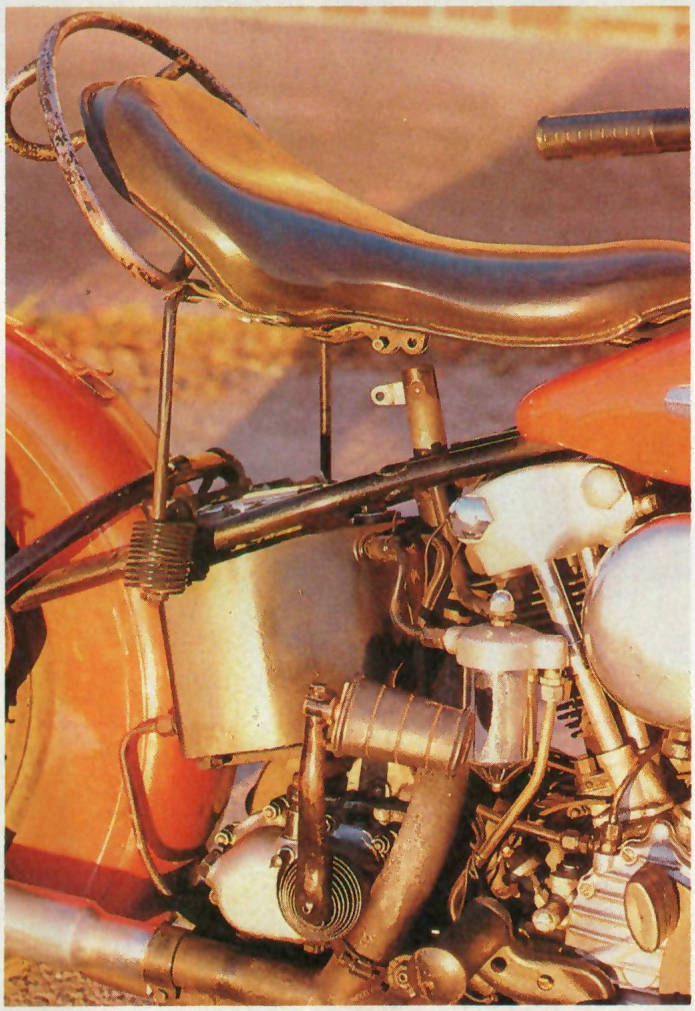

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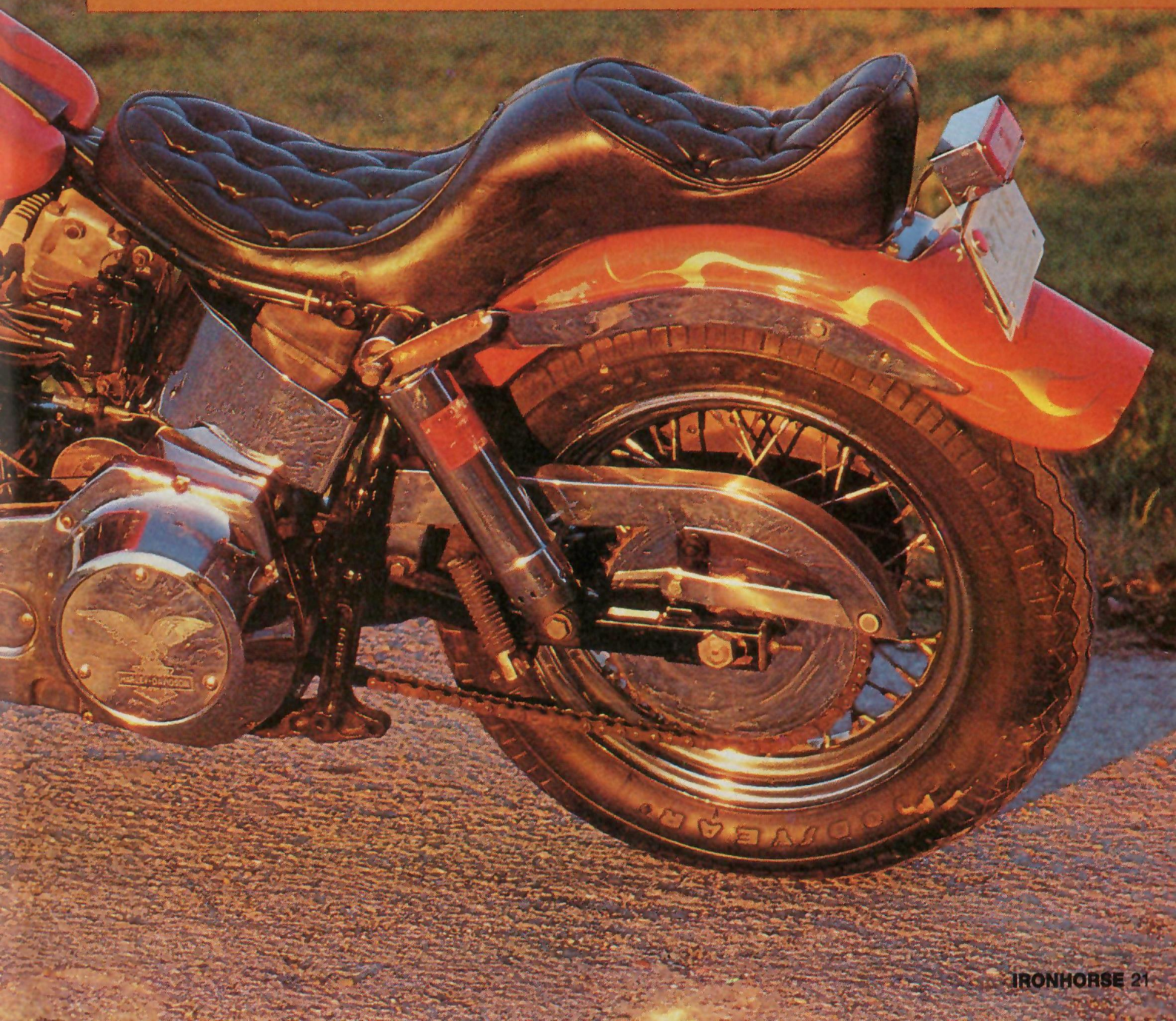
HOT METAL

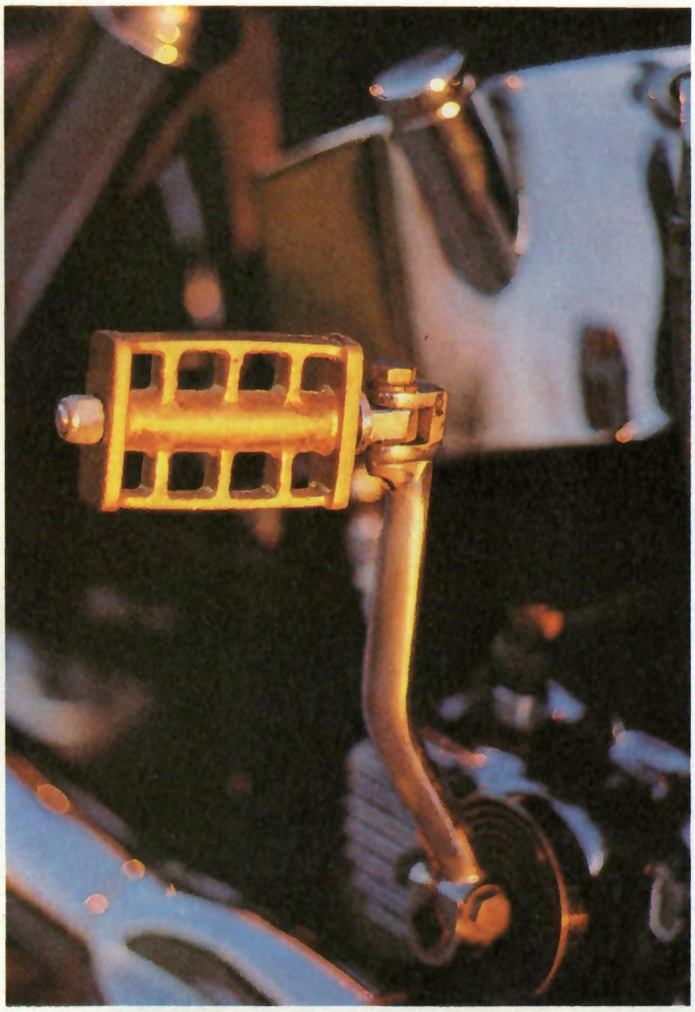
She was broadsided at a funeral and reborn as a roaring beast.

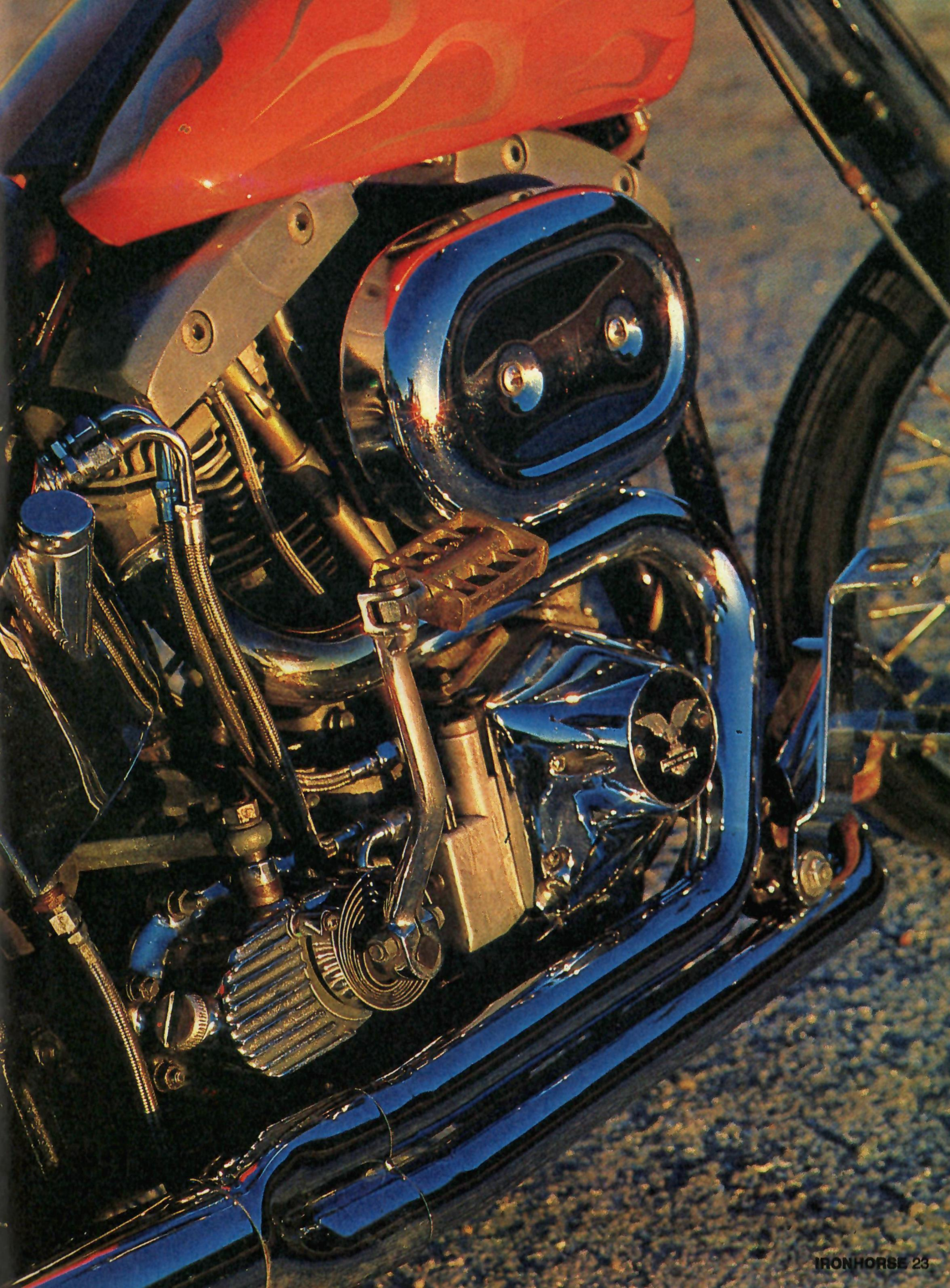
Story By Billy Black Photos By WW

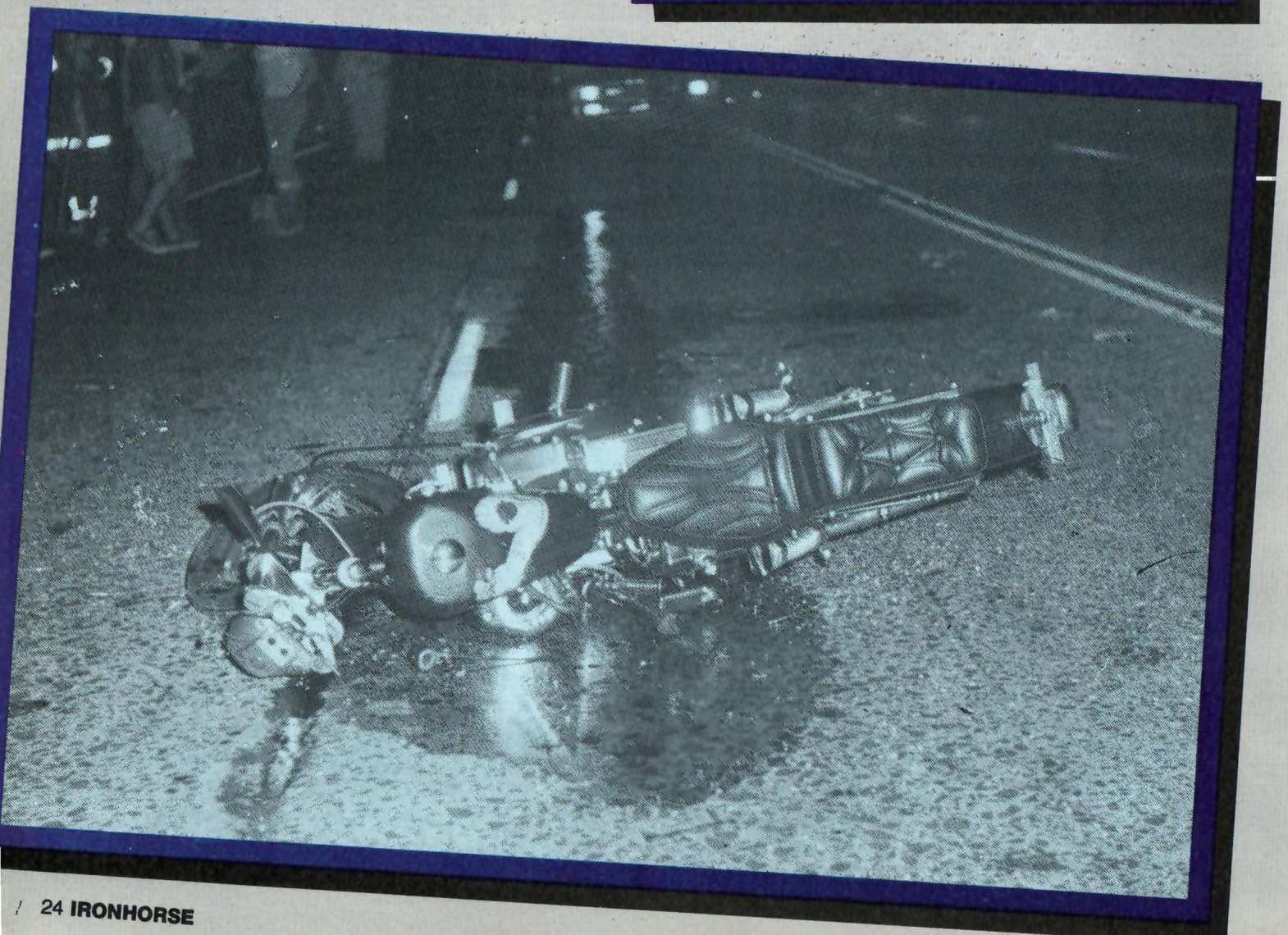
The current owner of this flaming metal picked it up in a salvage yard practically bent in half. Seems the heat aboard was escorting a funeral and fell into a little bad luck. Brad Osborn straightened er out and added a custom paint job, rebuilt er a few times, and ended up with a great lil scoot. Jes about the only original parts left on this Shovelhead that's original police is the speedo. It's got a captain rail dash, tombstone rear lights and a military rake up front. A Corbin Gentry seat rounds out the view.

The metallic orange flame job is custom, done by a friend of Brad's in Houston. He's rebuilt the Shovel a few times, adding some custom touches and reboring the cylinders to some 80 cubic inches. Other nice touches include no-baffle Firestacks and oversized Manley valves with pop-up pistons. The belt drive is enclosed in a Phase 3 primary. All in all, this one piece of hot metal. □









You just signed your life away to buy a new scoot. Now it's time to . . .

PROTECT THE THINGS YOU LOVE

With M.E.S.A., the extended warranty program

By Von Scoot

So ya been dreamin of the day when ya will walk through the doors of the local Harley Davidson dealer and buy yer new American dream machine. Night after night, you've sat there with a beer in one hand and a Harley brochure in the other, with a pile of literature on the floor. You've narrowed yer choice down to one bike. Ya drift off to sleep dreamin of the windin roads ahead of ya, blue skies above ya, and a thunderous roar beneath ya.

Ya probably have stashed away lots of bucks fer yer new bike. In some cases ya have gone without for it, knowin it will all be worth it. Ya can either pay fer yer new Hog in cash, or by financin it over the next few years. Either way, it's goin mean a lot of yer sweat and blood. The new Sportster 883 at the low end goes fer $3995 while the new FLTC will put ya out $9995. The most popular models go fer around $8500. And these prices are fer basic stock models—custom touches are extra.

You have this beautiful megabuck Harley in yer every wakin thought. It's gonna cost ya every red cent ya got and then some. Harley has a warrantyfer the first year, but what happens if something goes wrong with it two years from now? You already have yer life savings tied up in the scoot, and anythin more could break ya. That can mean goin without yer bike fer some time.

When ya buy yer Harley, thinkin bout all the bucks that are goin into it, most probably the salesperson will not even bring up the idea of an extended warranty fer yer bike. Why? Cause in the past they've been looked on as the "typical insurance scam." This is to say that they always seem to have loopholes and heaven help ya if ya submitted a claim. If ya were on the road and yer bike broke down, ya would look fer the nearest Harley dealer. Then ya find out that he doesn't honor yer warranty since he ain't franchised for it, or he doesn't want to wait for twelve weeks or so fer a check to come from the insurance company. So ya end up payin fer it, if ya are lucky enough to have cash or a credit card, and then ya try to collect from the insurance company. Screwed again. The conscientious dealer has stayed away from this possible dilemma by simply not offerin a program.

Finally, there is a program developed and designed by bikers fer bikers. The company behind this new concept is called M.E.S.A. (Motorcycle Extended Service Administrators). Ya just signed yer life away and ya need to protect the bike ya love. What ya don't need is to spend some huge bucks to do this. This extended warranty program was conceived with bikers in mind. At the price of a mere $295 fer three years, ya will have plenty of money left fer the goods things in life. The coverage is the best and most complete in the industry today. Most important, claims are handled and paid instantly. If ya happen to break down several states from home, ya just head to yer nearest franchised Harley dealer. If there aren't any Harley dealers around, ya can bring it to a reputable hog fix-it shop. Once the problem is figgered out, a toll-free phone call can be made to M.E.S.A.—24 hours a day. The labor rates and prices for the parts are checked to make sure no one's gettin ripped off, and M.E.S.A. then issues the dealer a VISA or Master Charge number. Easy. The dealer gets paid right away and ya get yer repairs done without hassles. The dealer doesn't even have to handle M.E.S.A. warranties to work on yer scoot. Ya can't ask fer better than that.

Before now, there hasn't been anythin like this program fer bikers or dealers available at all. M.E.S.A. is backed by the largest automotive company of its kind, based out of upstate New York.

The first rule of thumb when considerin purchasin a bike is ta always deal with a reputable dealer. If that's the case, he will most likely have the M.E.S.A. program available to offer ya. But with this program bein so new, some dealers might not have even heard of it yet. Ya can help yer dealer while helpin yerself by havin a Dealer Information. Packet sent to him with no charge or commitment. Call toll free 1-800-448-5523, the New York State 1-800-962-5887. Once the dealer gits rollin, M.E.S.A. will send ya a $50 gift certificate and a new SUMAX catalog to pick out the custom hog products of yer choice. Jes think—a brand new Harley with SUMAX custom parts that's worry free cause ya always protect the things ya love. □

RIDE FOR LIBERTY

By Billy Black
Photos By Ratso Locke

A while back, some Harley execs took off on their own machines on a cross-country "Ride Fer Liberty" to raise money fer the Statue of Liberty restoration. Two Harley-Davidson vice presidents, Vaughn Beals and Willie G. Davidson, started in L.A. on limited edition "Liberty" full dressers on September 10, 1985. Goin cross-country, Vaughn took the northern route and Willie G. the southern, with

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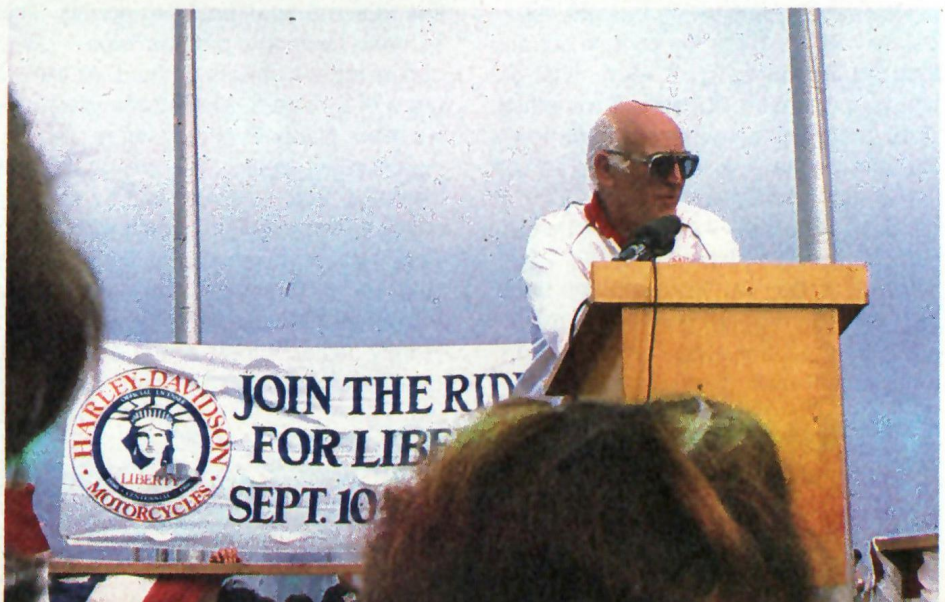
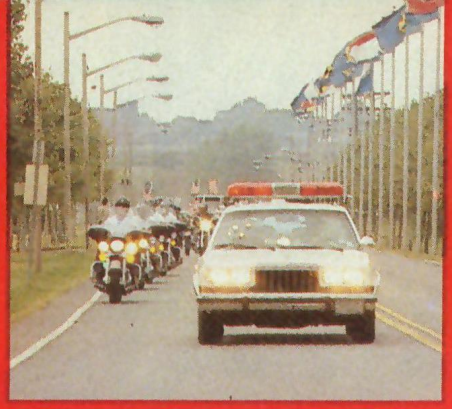
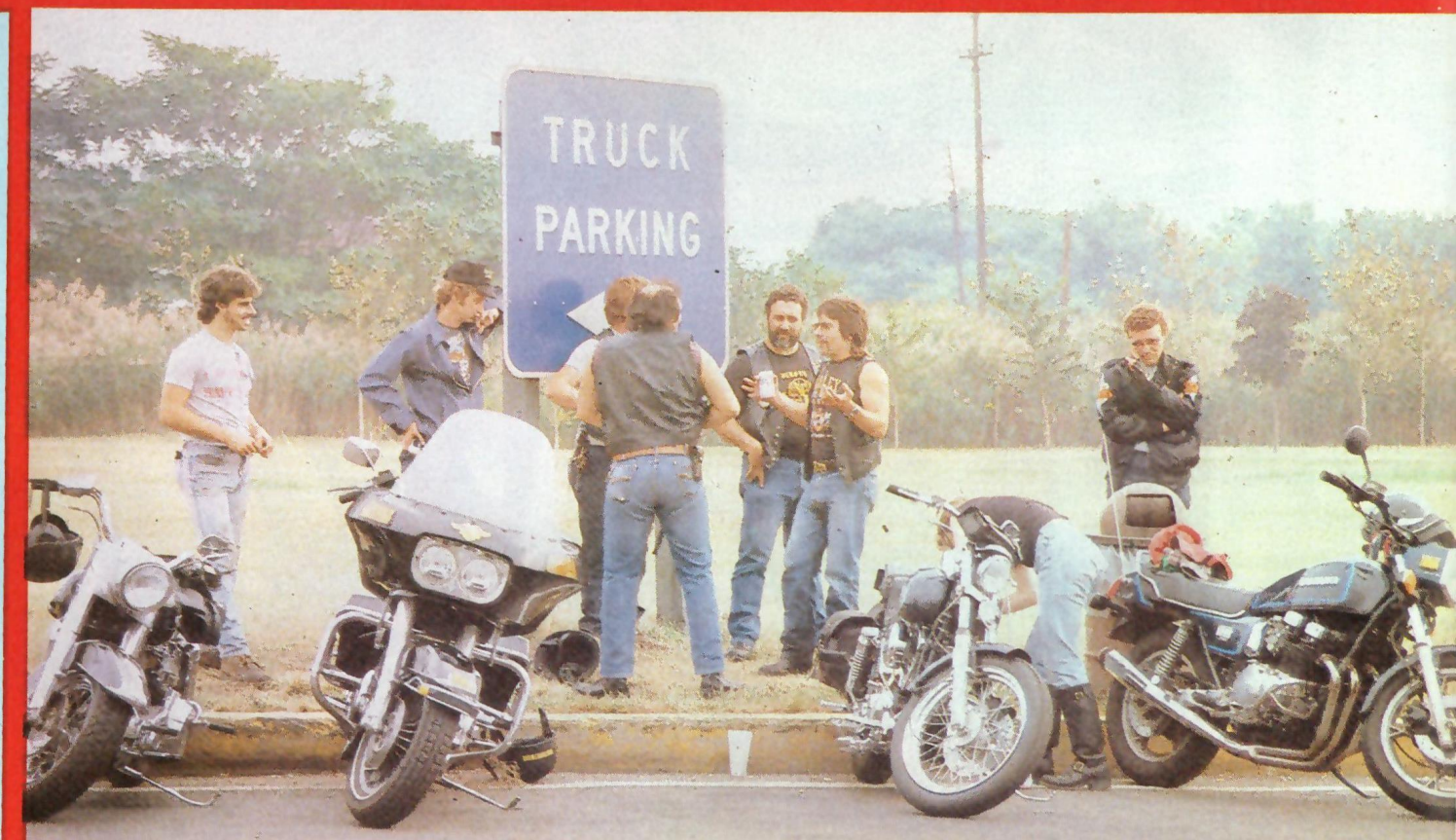


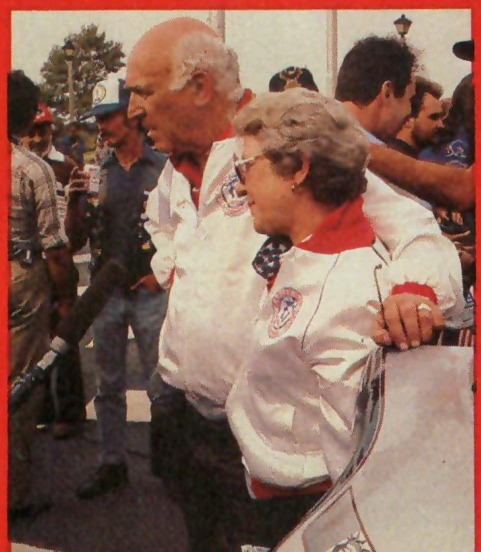
HARLEY-DAVIDSON
LIBERTY

Harley execs putt





cross-country for the Lady.



Willie G. Davidson (above) and H-D Chairman Vaughn L. Beals (left) arrive with their ol ladies. They're sportin specially-made jackets which were later auctioned for a combined total of $2350—all for a good cause, Miss Liberty.

ANOTHER DUDE'S LADY

Anybody can steal another dude's lady—but the lady always knows who she really belongs to.

By Joe Umbarger

The first time I saw her, it just knocked me out! I mean, cock-throbbin, tongue-draggin, head-over-heels knocked me out. I was in love! She was *that* beautiful; *that* sexy—and I knew right then and there that I had to have her, no two ways about it.

I had been on my way to the unemployment office, my mind busy with figuring out how I was going to explain to them why I still couldn't find a job, when I turned this corner and there she was right across the street, all alone.

My brain went sort of numb, at first. I don't really know how long I stood there, gawking like some jerk, and drooling all over myself, but when I came back to my senses a little, I heard the blues start playing from behind me. I turned to see this crippled old man, slouched in his wheelchair, blowing on a saxophone that looked as old as he was.

He paused long enough in his solo rendition of "Summertime" to look up at me with a gap-toothed grin as he wiped his bald, shining head with a dirty rag.

"She be there, damn near every day," he informed me in a gravelly voice, though I hadn't asked him.

"Who?" I tried to play ignorant. He just gave a laugh that sounded like sandpaper, and cut loose with a few more bars on that horn. I turned to look back across the street. She wasn't alone, anymore. There was a dude by her side—a *big*, mean-looking dude, too. He noticed me, and his eyes burned holes right through my soul, as if he knew what I'd been thinking.

Head low, hands in my pockets, I sauntered on down the street toward the employment office, trying to dismiss the entire incident, but I couldn't get her out of my mind. Desire burned in me, and even though I knew that it wasn't right, I also knew that *somehow* I just had to have her.

I started hanging around that same corner on a regular basis, hoping my intentions didn't look too obvious. She was there almost every day, just like the old man said, but I could never catch her alone. The dude was always with her. Man, they went *everywhere* together. Still, I didn't give up hope. I just hung around, biding my time, and scheming.

The old man was there almost every day, too, and I worried about him a little. Would he try to stop me? I didn't think so, but still I worried. One day he stopped playing abruptly, and cleared his throat until I paid attention to him.

"Anybody can steal another dude's lady, son," he said to me in a deep, raspy voice. "But the lady, she always knows who she really belongs to."

His words rattled me a little, but I tried not to let on that anything was up.

I laid awake nights, after that, just thinking about her, and about the two of us, together. I just had to have her, and I knew that, eventually, I would get my chance. And when I did, that big son of a bitch would never see her again.

I planned every detail in my mind. First thing, I told myself, head for Mexico. I had some friends across the river that would be willing to put us up for a while. Then we'd come back across on the Arizona side. Oh, yeah, when the chance came, I knew I wouldn't blow it. I'd have her, and I'd never be stupid enough to let her go, like the guy I was getting ready to steal her away from.

Finally, one Friday afternoon, it happened. She was alone. My palms began to sweat as I prepared to put my plan into action, and I could hear my heart pounding. This was it.

The old man was there, too, like I figured he would be. Stepping quickly, but trying to appear casual, I dropped a twenty into his instrument case as I prepared to cross the street.

"Just give me five minutes before you say anything, okay?"

He laughed that sandpaper laugh, again. "Shucks, son," he said. "I ain't gonna say nothing. I already said all I know."

I looked all around as I hurried across the street. That big dude of hers could come out and make an oil spot on the street out of me any second. It would have to be now.

She was still there, all alone. Nobody else was on the street but the old sax player. He was staring at me. He wasn't grinning, now, and he wasn't playing. He was just sitting there, looking at me.

"You're mine, now, baby," I whispered when I got close. She was warm; I knew she was willing. My fingers reached out to stroke her, trembling a little as we touched. She just stood there.

Suddenly, the old man's sax started up with a real bluesy rendition of "It's Only Make Believe," and all at once, his words came back to me, ringing in my mind: "The lady, she always knows who she really belongs to."

My heart sank in despair as I realized that all of my scheming had been for nothing; that what the old man had said was true. It would never work out. We could never really be happy together.

"I'm sorry, sweetheart," I said softly, as tears tried to force themselves to my eyes. I wiped at them with the back of my hand, and gave a deep sigh, looking at her, the beautiful Shovelhead, one last time; the sexy sweep of her bars, her long, straight forks, those magnificent jugs....

"I wish I'd met you before the other dude," I told her.

Sadly, I turned and walked away from her. The old man was grinning, now, and I thought I saw him wink at me. He started wailing "Last Date" on his horn. The words to the song rang through my mind to accompany the melody: "It's over, our love affair...."

Twisted sense of humor the old fart had, I thought to myself. I tried to ignore him as I started looking for the nearest bar where I could get good and drunk while I nursed my broken heart. The sound of the old man's sax faded as I turned a corner.

Suddenly, I stopped in my tracks. The Shovelhead was forgotten together. For right in front of me, looking lovely, and all alone, stood this beautiful, sexy Sportster.

I just had to have her.... □

Florida Bros Play Ball With The Sheriff To Help The Needy.

YA GOTTA HAVE BALLS

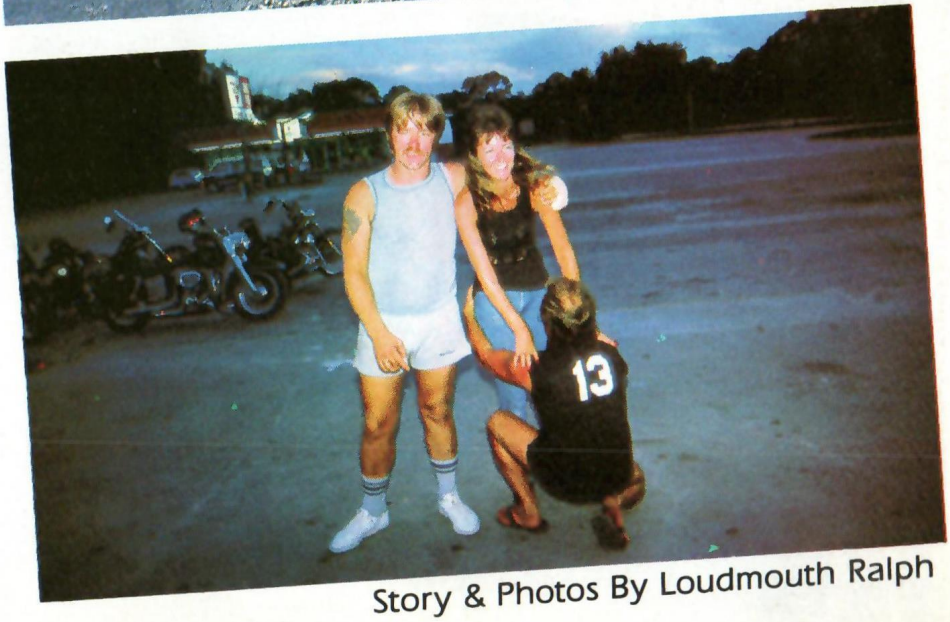
It was time fer a lil friendly competition between the Peace River Chapter of Abate and the Charlotte County Sheriff's Department. The meetin ground was a softball field, and the cause of good one—to help the needy. All the money from ticket sales went fer housin, food and clothin fer the disadvantaged rugrats who have no one to turn to. Everyone had a partyin time, including the heat, which is sayin something.

The game started with a kick from the

(And an occasional strike and a hit or two.

bros, who popped two home runs in the first inning. Unfortunately, things didn't stay that way for long—the Sheriffs batted in five in the second, and both sides hunkered down fer some serious ball playin. It ran close to the end of the seventh, when the bikers found themselves trailin the Law, 13-12. The Sheriffs built on their head fer the remainder of the game, with the final score bein Sheriff's Department 17, Piece River 12. For the bikers, though, this was only the first crack, and they vowed to be victorious at the next one.

A check fer over $700 was presented



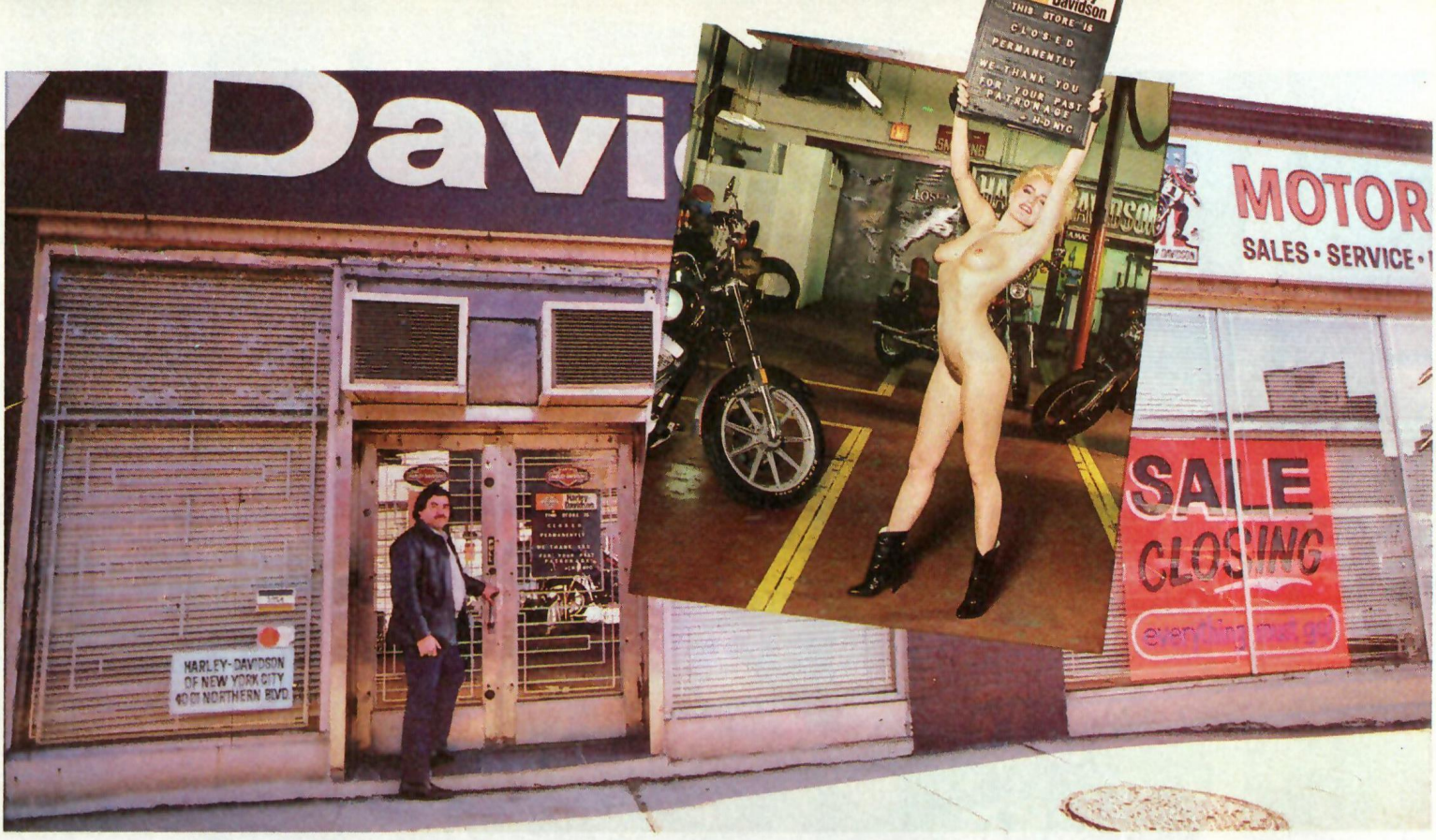
Story & Photos By Loudmouth Ralph

SCOTTI
SUBU
TAVI

to Circuit Court Judge Shannon and Captain Davenport of the Junior Deputy League between the eighth and ninth innings by Fred "Run-a-Muck" Blankenship and Gino Tice of the Peace River Chapter. The judge also served as ump for the game, making some fair calls on some very close plays. The judge deserves a hand fer impartialness, as well as the guys from Abate who put in a lot of hard work organizin the promotin the game. The 300 spectators who saw the game had a great time.

The best part was probably the almost-victory party which was held at Scotty's Suburban on Highway 17 in Punta Gorda. The excitement of the game built up a big thirst fer both the players and their wimmen, and with the temperature on the playin field at 87 degrees, a lot of the cold, golden and delicious was needed to cool everyone down. Naturally, when the Buds started flowin and the dubies got lit, the girls started showin their tits, caught on film by yers truly. Tami got some good re-views, and Linda and Nancy held their own. Skeeter manned his observation post, and Scotty got some action too. What happened later, it's better not to put inta print, since it's in the pictures anyway.

When yer travelin through Southwest Florida, stop in at Scotty's Suburban and say hi. Bros are always welcome and there's usually an Abate member or two on the scene. Happy trails. □



BRONZE MEDAL

A Milwaukee Custom

Story By Bones Brannigan
Photos By Rocky DiRico

Well, we've got two pieces of good news for ya, and one bit of bad. Which one ya wanna hear first?

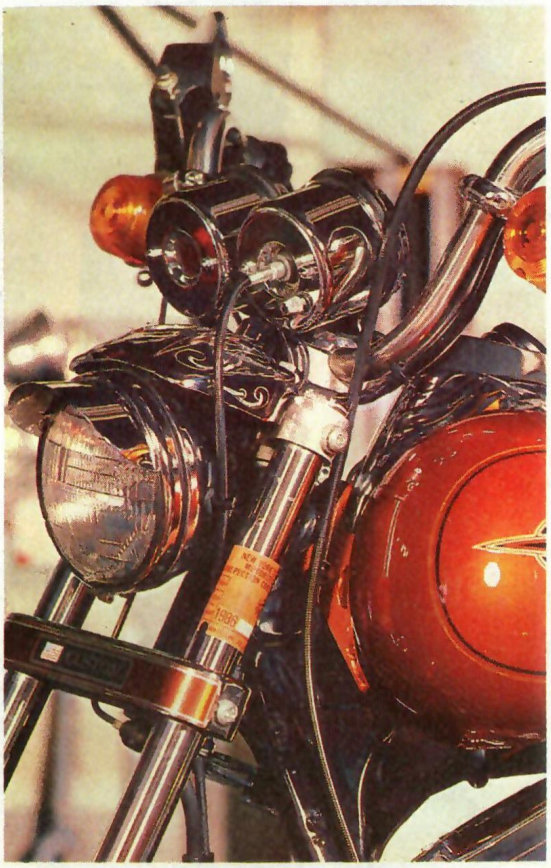
How bout some good: Yer lookin at a special edition Harley Low Glide, one of only 750 minted in 1985. It's as rare as a hooker's heart and twice as photogenic. Each one of these super-slick scoots has a medallion which gives its name, rank and serial number—kinda like a print by a famous artist.

This tricked-out factory custom, owned by Johnny Jay, proprietor of a famous nitespot in Long Island City, New York, provides a good hitchin post fer this month's featured hardbelly, Gitane. It's a name that means "Gypsy" in French, and she's the other piece of good news in this story.

Now for the bad. These flicks of Gitane and the Bronze Medal were shot at an old, established firm called Harley-Davidson of NYC. They've been givin the bike-ridin public a fair deal since they were founded way back in the Roarin Twenties. They're a landmark, an institution—and now they're goin out of business, due to the changin times and the changin nature of their customers. Fact is, we're so fucked up over this development that we're gonna give ya a full report on it next month, after we have a few brews to kinda mull it over.

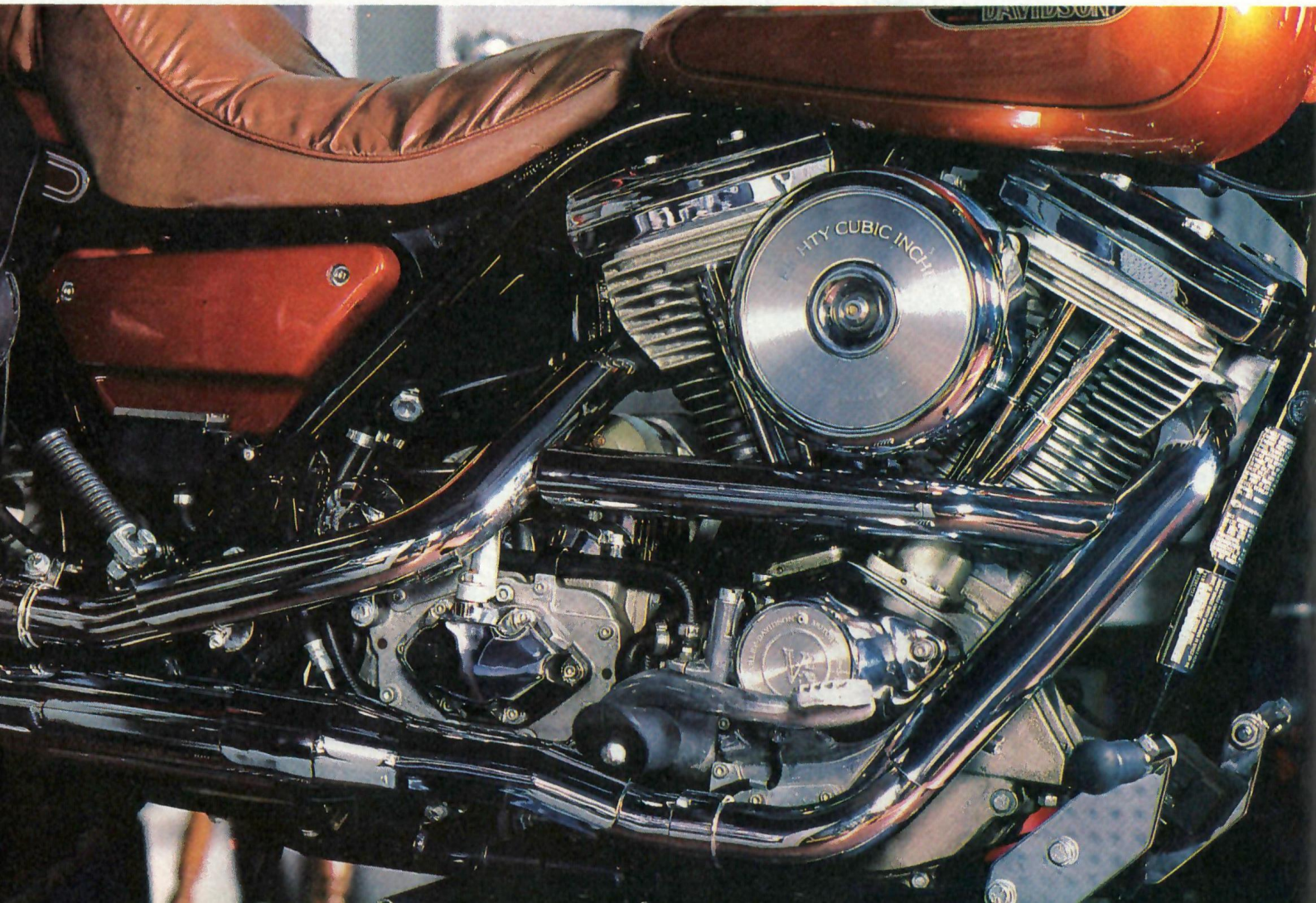
And that brings us to a kinda cheap-shot good news item. Because Harley-Davidson of NYC is goin out of business, they've got a whole warehouse of items up fer sale—everything from gloves to T-shirts to lamps to posters, all the H-D accessories ya can think of and some ya probably can't. One man's gain is another man's loss. It's sad but true.

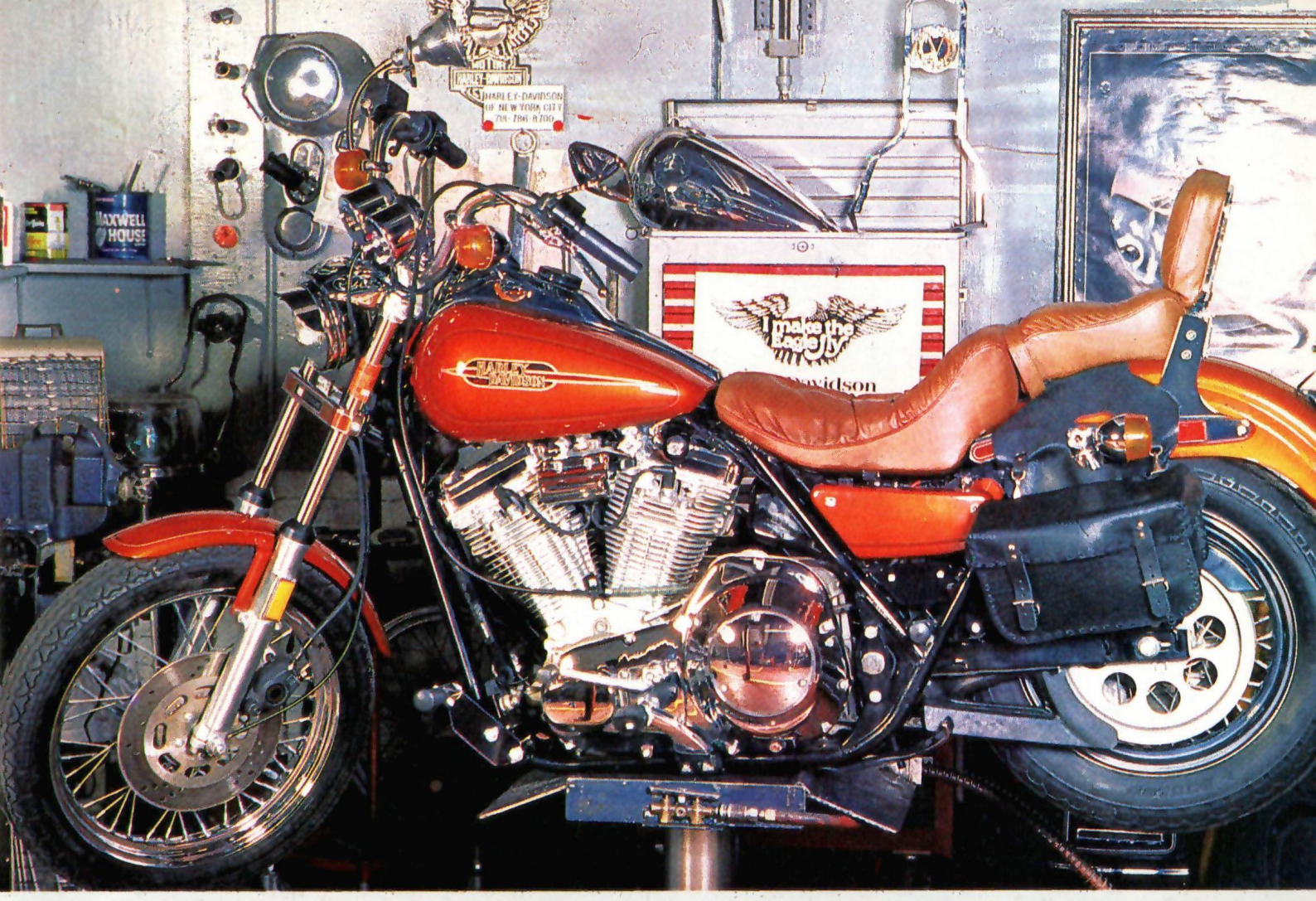
So while yer ponderin how a 65-year-old firm can suddenly disappear, and about how Dennis Rietwyk, the present owner, and son of the founder, feels about all this: and while yer enjoyin the transient beauty of Gitane and the Bronze Medal, remember—nothin lasts forever, man. □

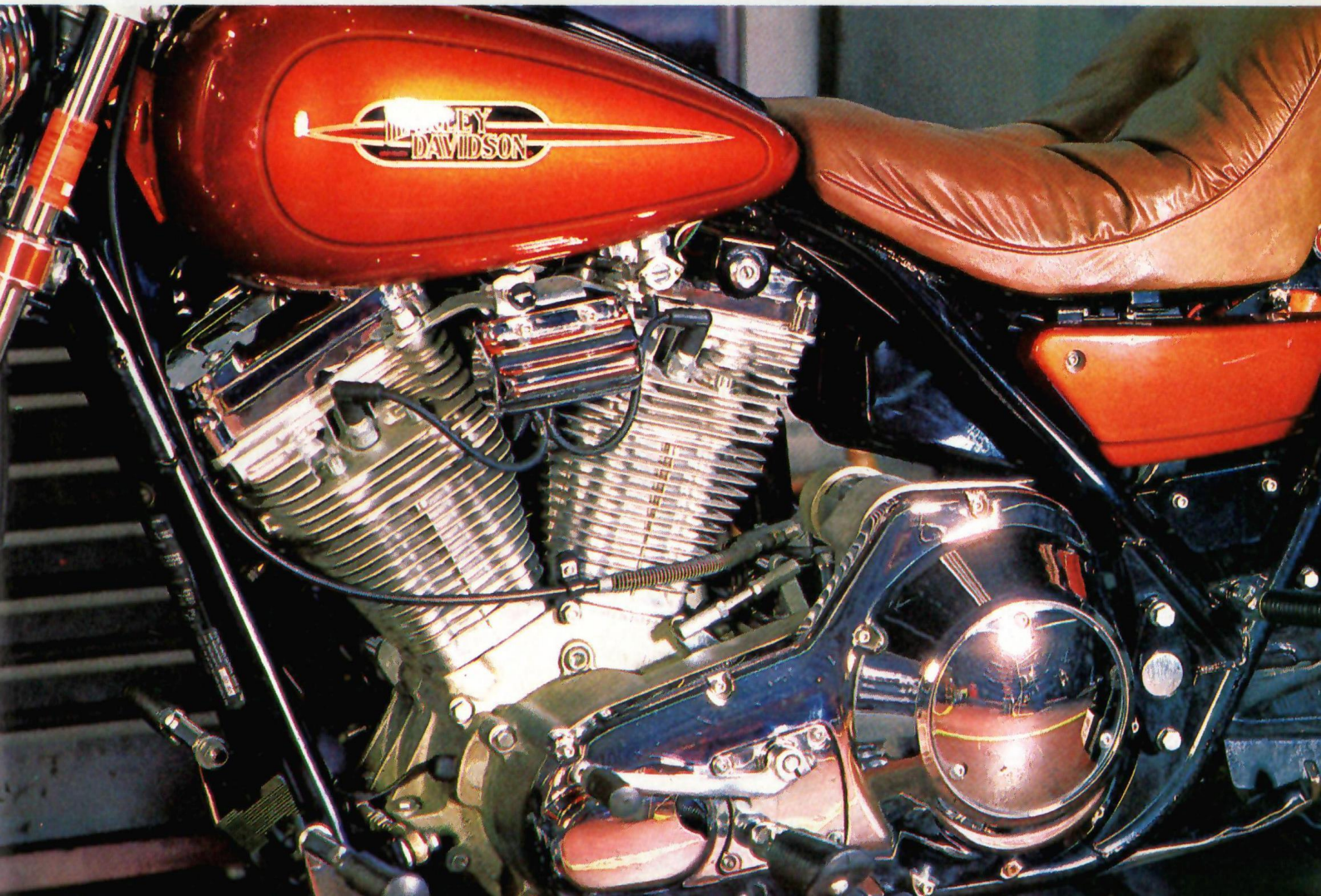


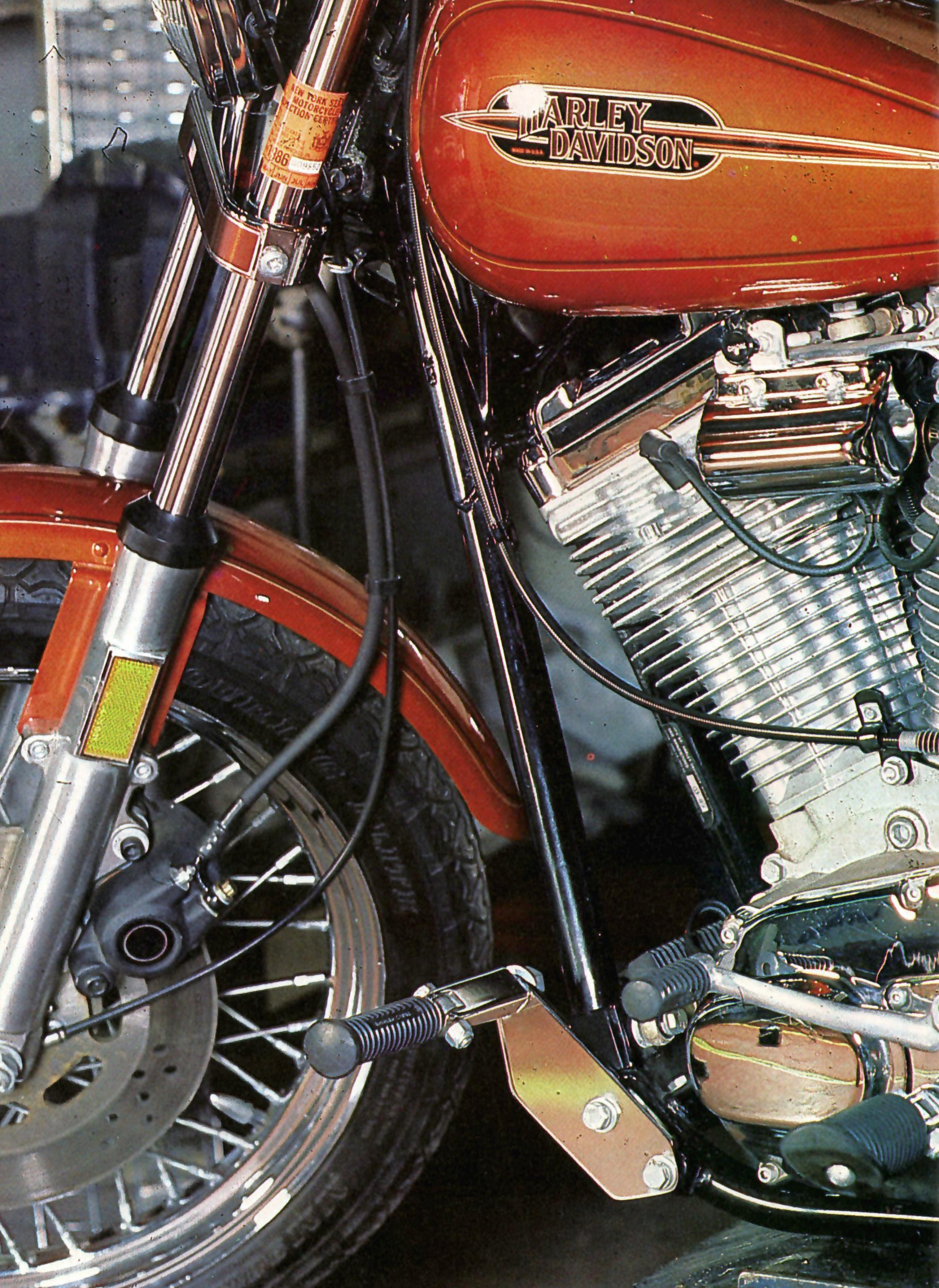
HARLEY-DAVIDSON
CUSTOM

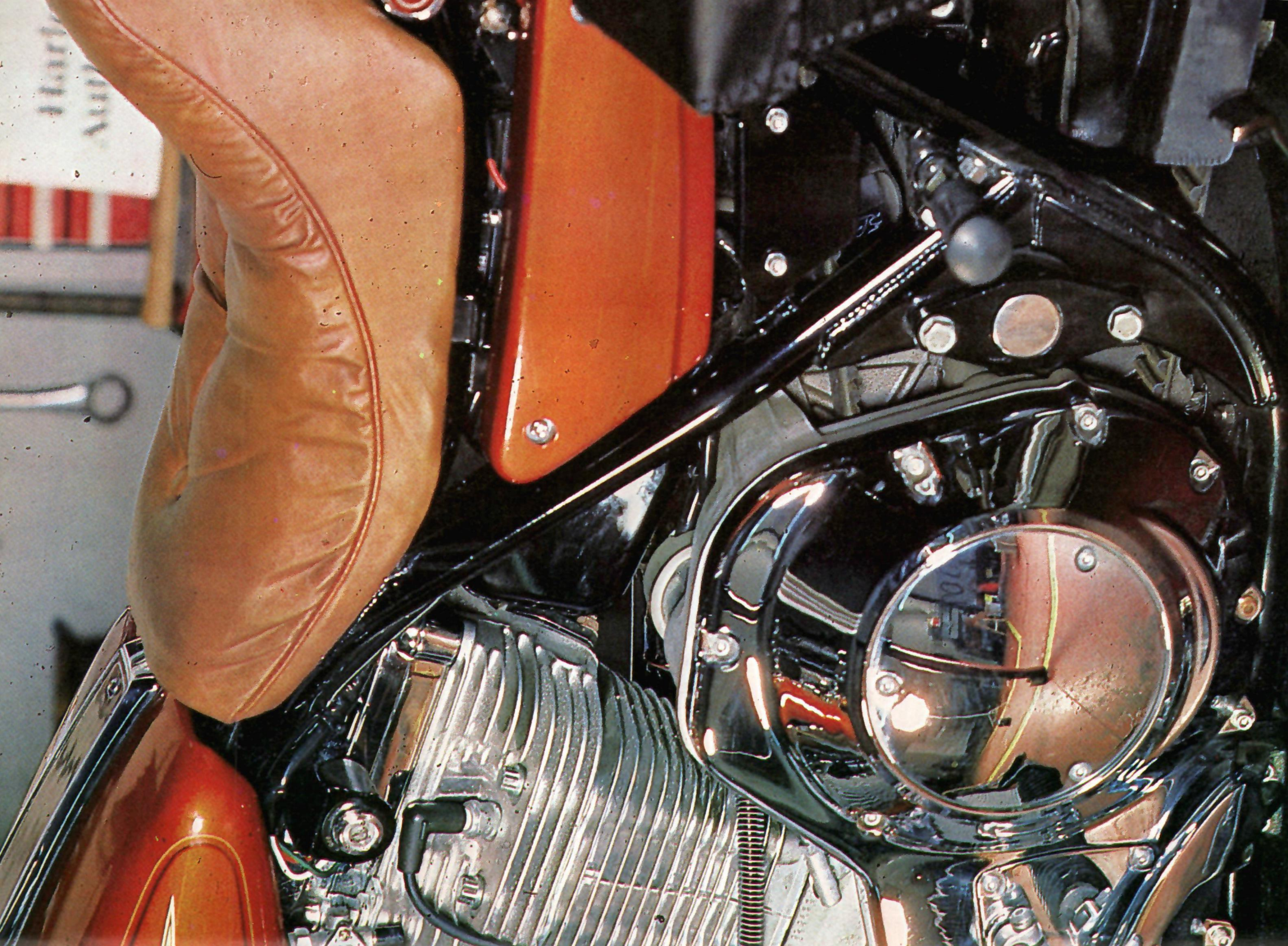
IEST

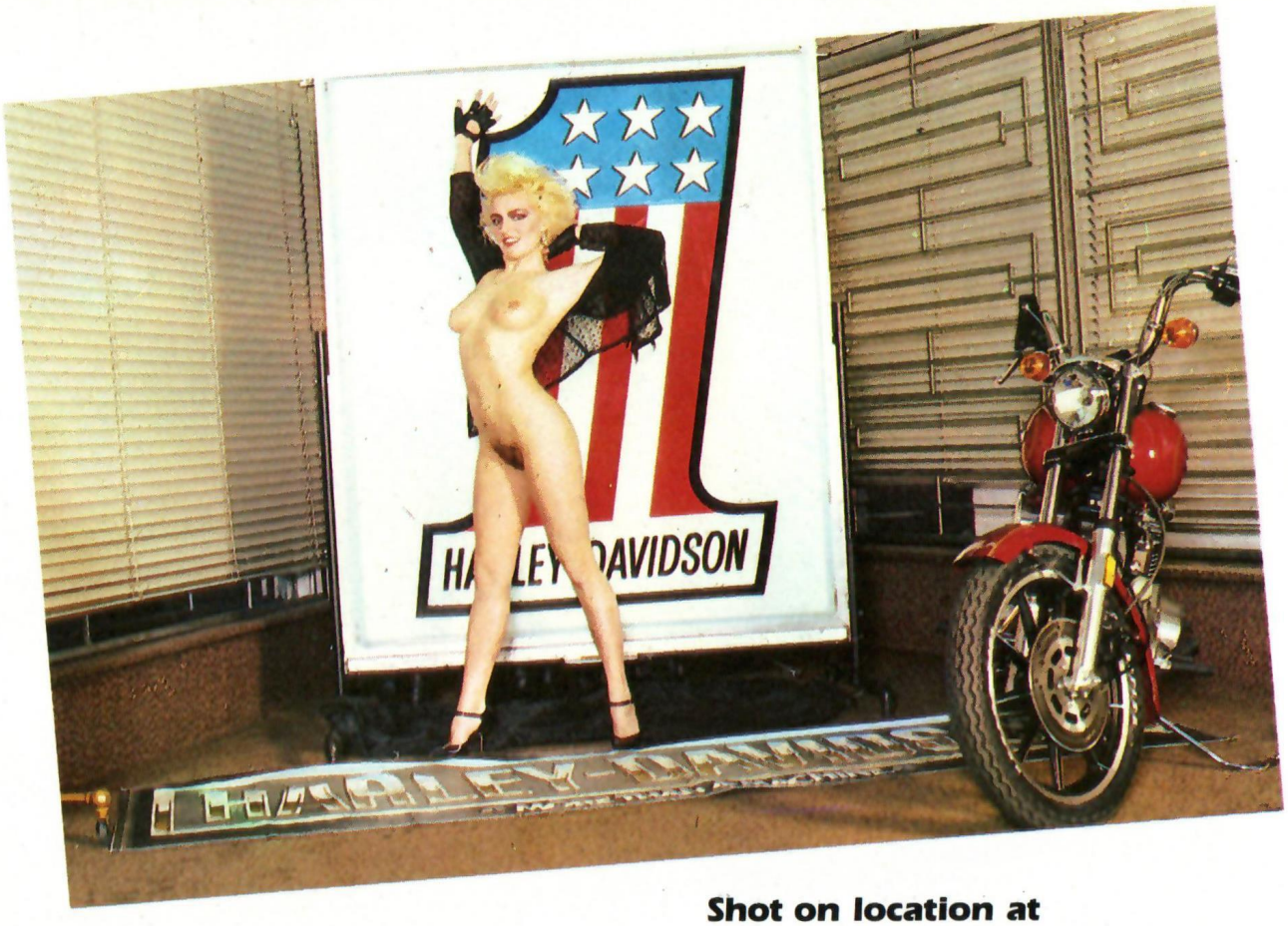

DAVIDSON
HTY CUBIC INCH


HARLEY-DAVIDSON
OF NEW YORK CITY
MAXWELL HOUSE
I make the Eagle fly


DAVIDSON


HARLEY
DAVIDSON





Shot on location at Harley-Davidson of NYC

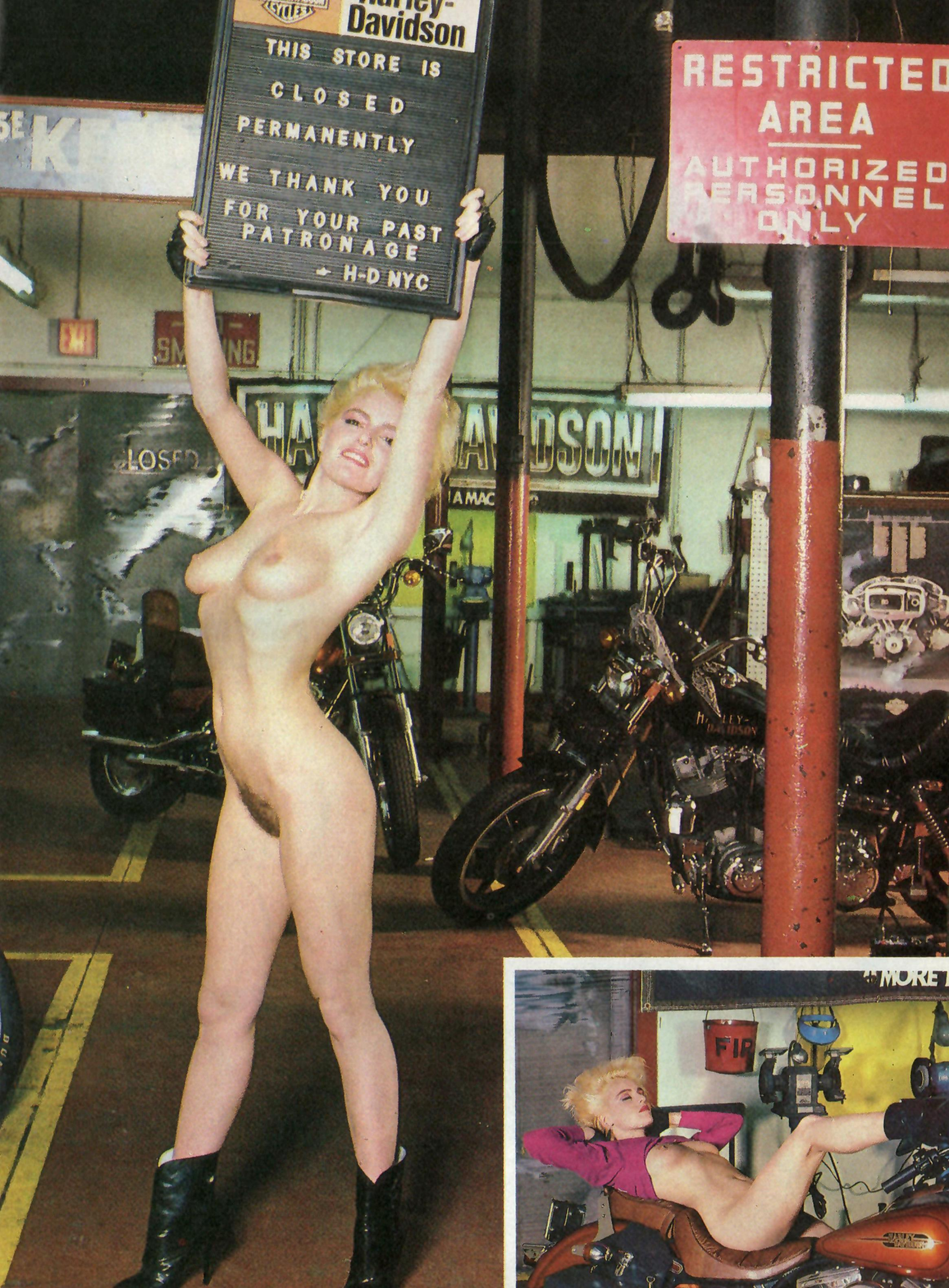
SWEDISH GYPSY

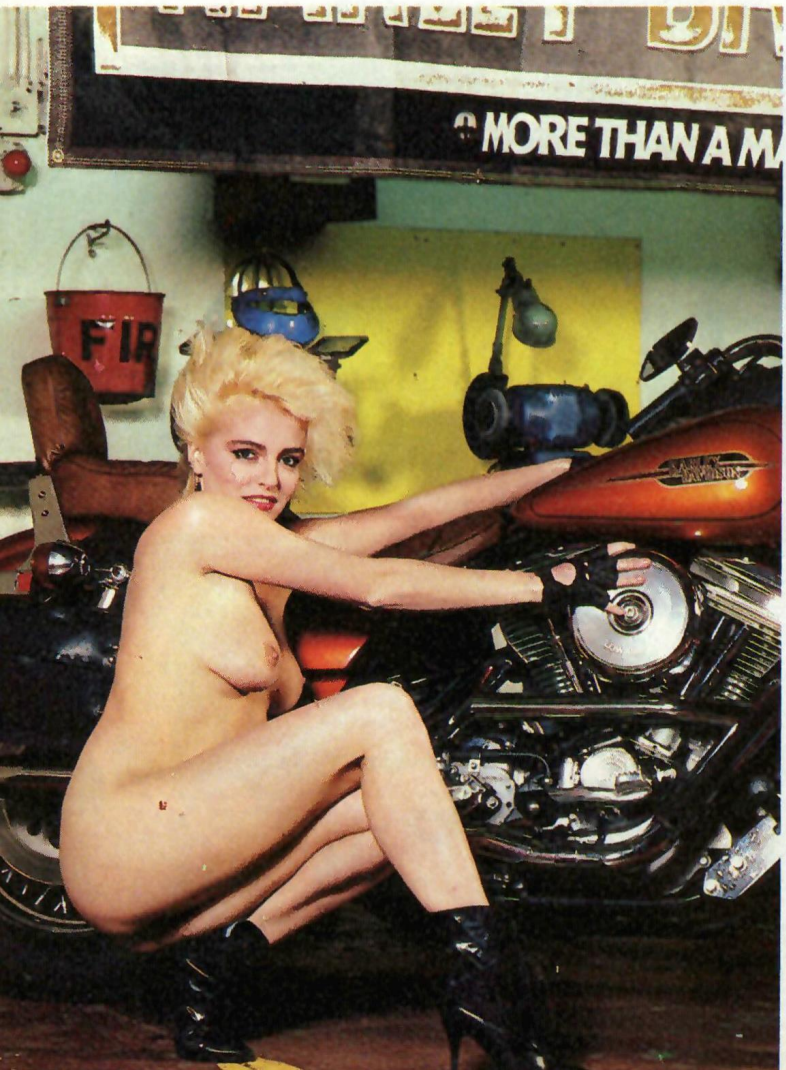
Photos By Rocky DiRico

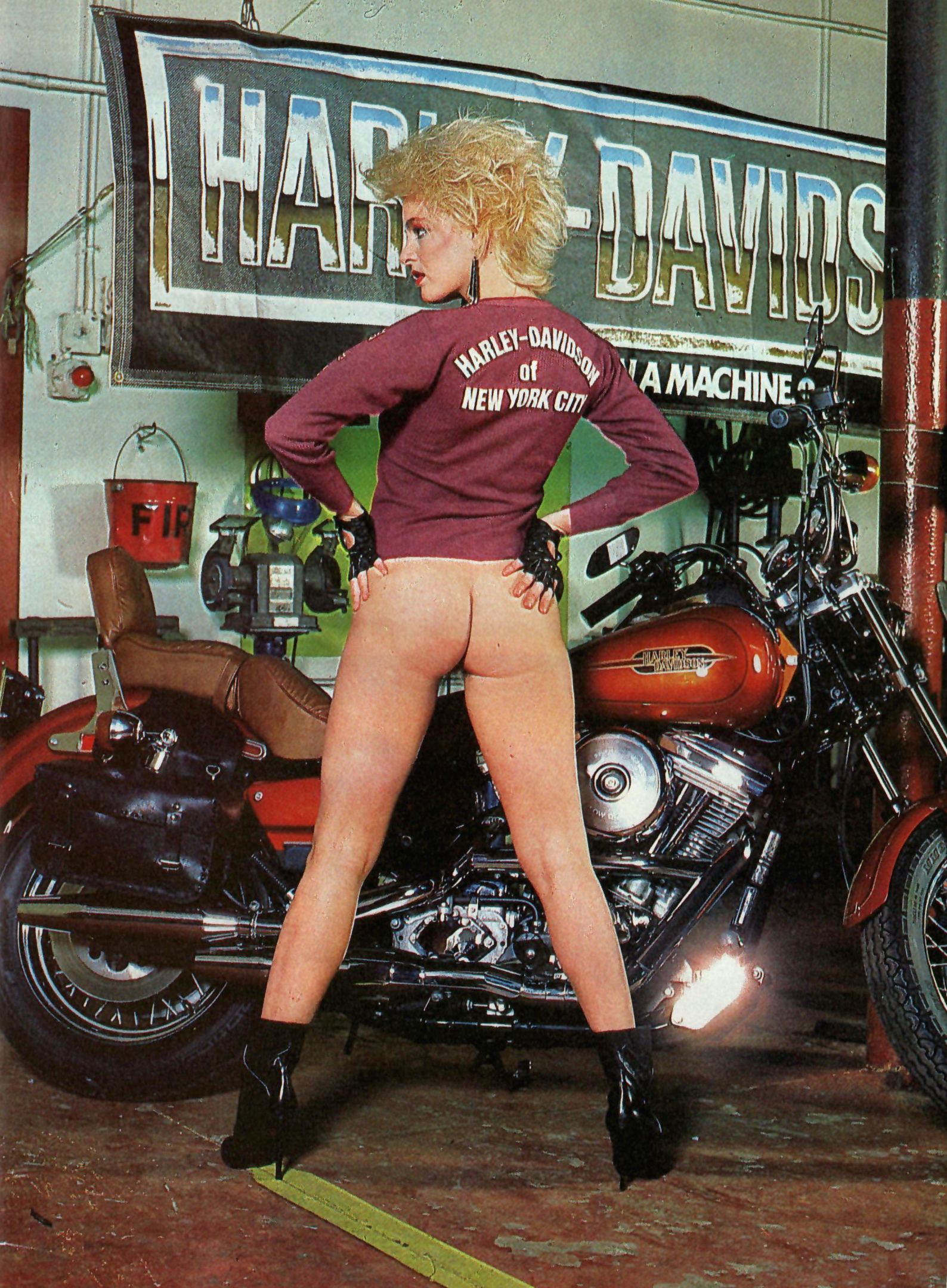
Gritty Gunilla Gitane, born in northern Wisconsin, but raised in her Mom's homeland—Sweden—never lost her Dairy State heritage.

Now that she's back in the US of A, Gitane (it means Gypsy in French) frequently visits Milwaukee on her trips back to her American hometown of Woodville: "I've always dreamed of owning a Harley. My boyfriend in Sweden had one, one of the very few you'll ever see in Scandinavia. One of the main reasons I started titty dancing in the States was to earn enough money to buy a vintage H-D and ship it back home to Sweden.

"I've been asked to be in dozens of magazines, but the only one I've been willin to go fer so far is *Iron Horse*. It combines my two favorite things—showin off my body and sitting on Yankee iron," she told us. □


Harley-Davidson
THIS STORE IS
CLOSED
PERMANENTLY
WE THANK YOU
FOR YOUR PAST
PATRONAGE
H-D NYC
RESTRICTED
AREA
AUTHORIZED
PERSONNEL
ONLY
MORE


MORE THAN A MA


HARLEY-DAVIDSON
HARLEY-DAVIDSON
of
NEW YORK CITY

LOSED!
MORE THAN A MACH

ARLEY-DAVIDSON
MORE THAN A M

GLES NEST
Harley Davidson

EAGLES NEST
Harley Davidson

FIR

HARLEY
DAVIDSON

Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use negatives. We can use only good, in-focus, black-and-white prints (any size), color slides (either 35mm or 2¼ x 2 ¼), and exceptionally clear color prints. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff—these photos typify the fun, excitement and freedom of biking. (Be sure to write your name and address on each print or slide that you send. Oh, yeah—we now pay $20 for every black-and-white photo and $35 for every color slide we use.) Send photos to **Iron Horse,** *P.O. Box 2163, New York, N.Y. 10116.*

"Does the big bear scoot in the woods?"—Mr. Cool, Torrance, CA

OUR BROS

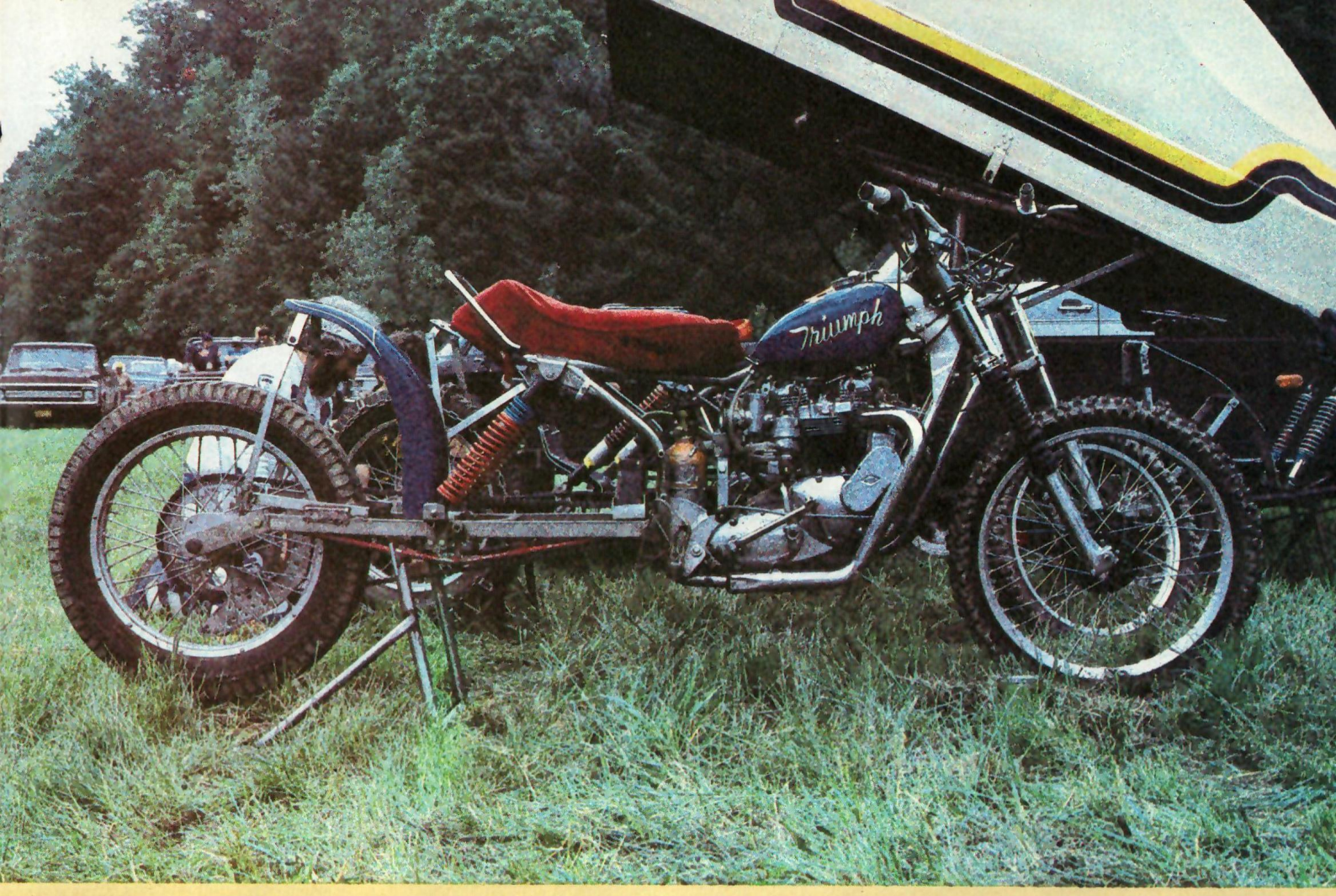
Runnin' Free

ON THE GO

We're offerin' a reward for info on this girl, shot in Jersey by Ratso

"That ain't no rat...it's a guttermink"—"Mudd" Johnson, Ft. Lawdy, FL

All sleeze this spread by "Casper", Canaseraga, NY

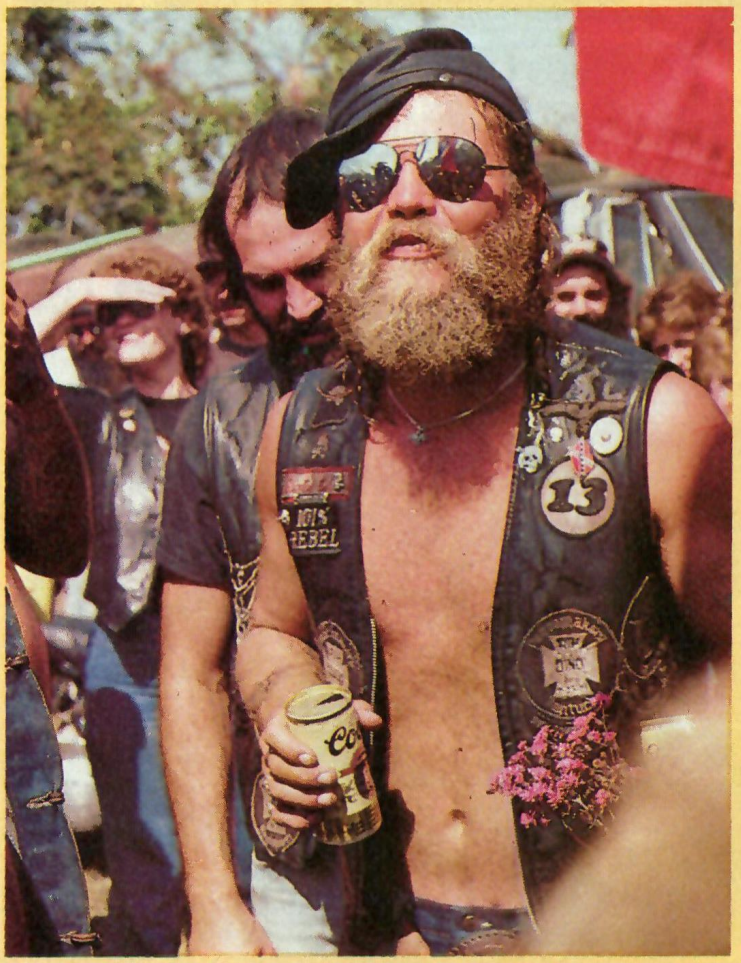

Triumph

STP
Jim
STP
STP
RUST CHECK
BEL-RAY
RUST CHECK
Aerocaps

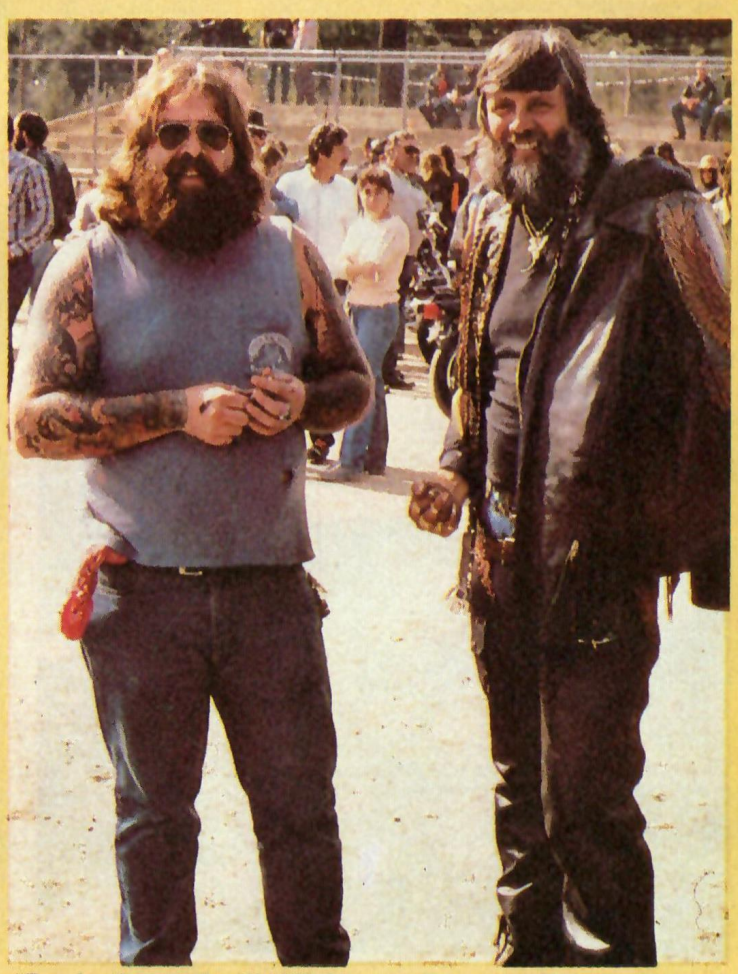
" 'S no shovel"—Mike Iacono, NY

"Words to live by"—Mike Iacono, NY

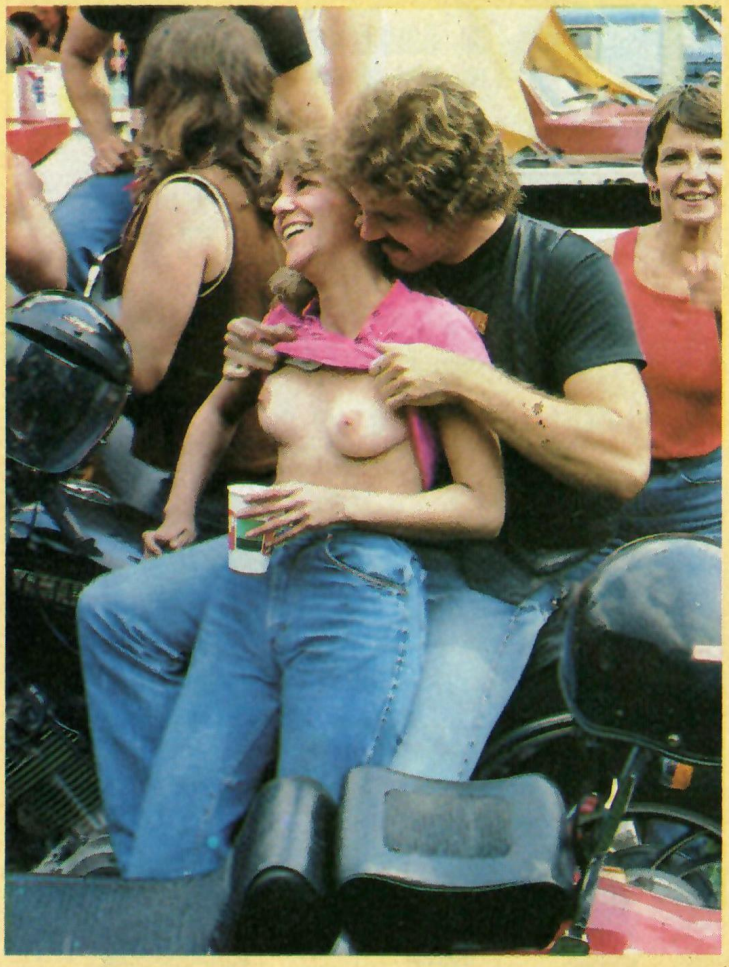
"Shades of difference"—Wizard (BOTW), Waynesburg, PA



"Leader o' the pack"—Crowbar, Lexington, KY



"Two fer the road"—"Mudd" Johnson, Ft. Lawdy, FL



All flix this spread by "Casper", Canaseraga, NY

MECHANIC
FOI
McDonnell Douglas
Clark
NORTH OLMSTED
OHIO

"He ain't heavy, he's someone's brother"—Shutterbug, Cincy, OH

"Dragon spittin' Sled"—Loudmouth Ralph, Ft. Myers, FL

"Curbside Cutie"—Loudmouth Ralph, Ft. Myers, FL

"Florida Flattie"—Loudmouth Ralph, Ft. Myers, FL

Loudmouth Ralph, Ft. Myers, FL

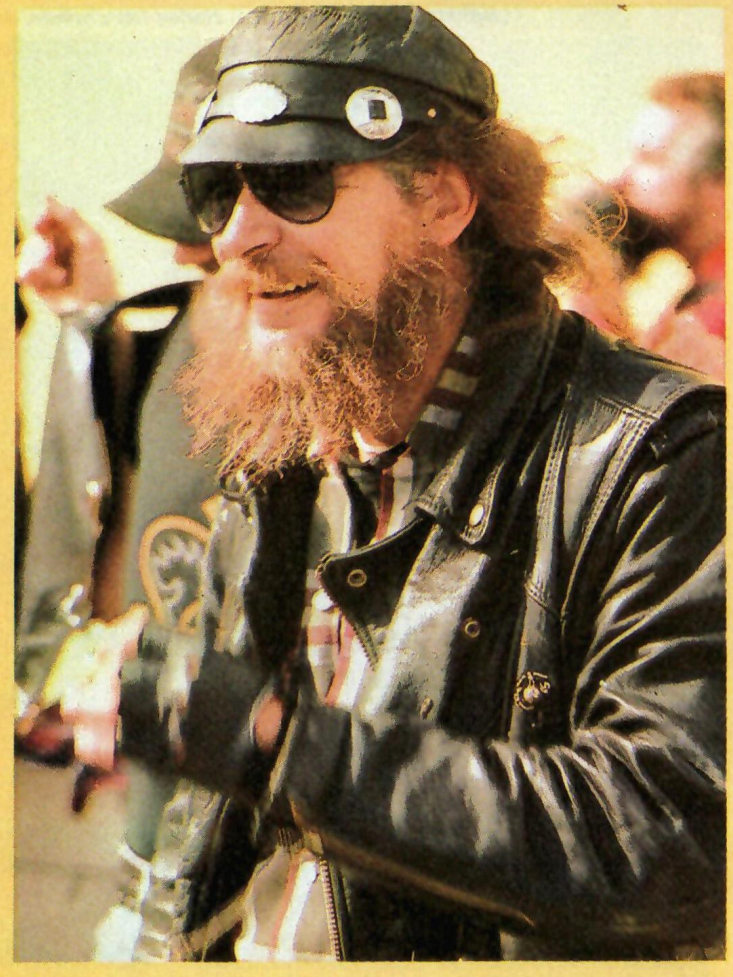
"Nice Tat, Nice Tits...Itz Lana!"—Bob, Arlington, TX

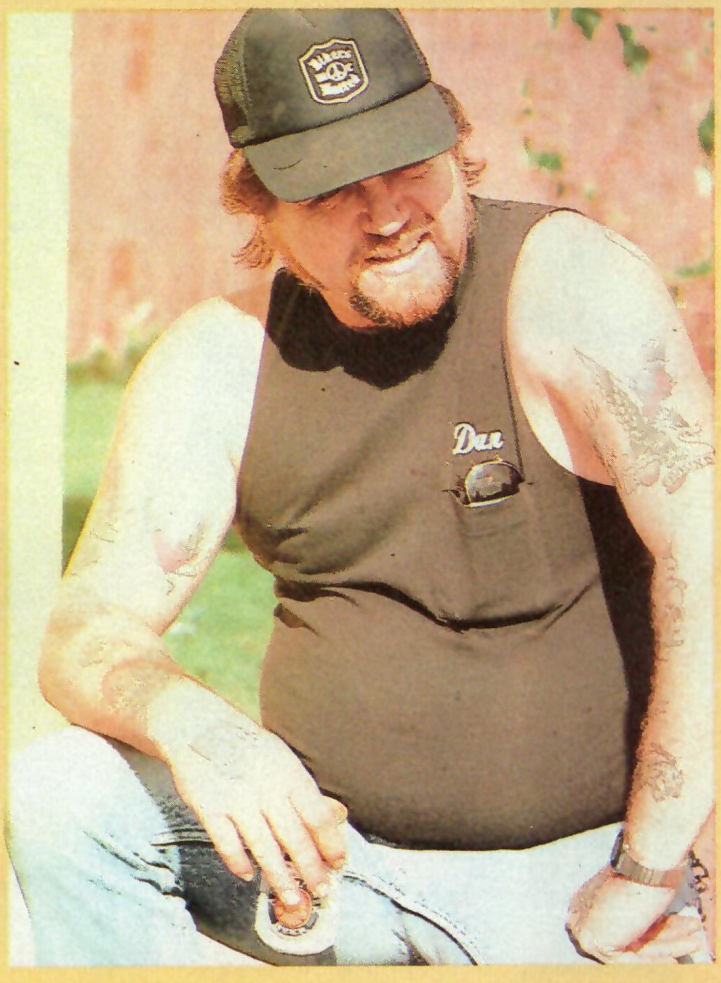
Mike Iacono, NY

'Leatherbelles"—"Apeman", Harley Rendezvous, NY

"The Killer B-Cups!"—Picture Pat, Huntington, Beach, CA

"A little giggle, a little jiggle"—Crowbar, Lexington, KY





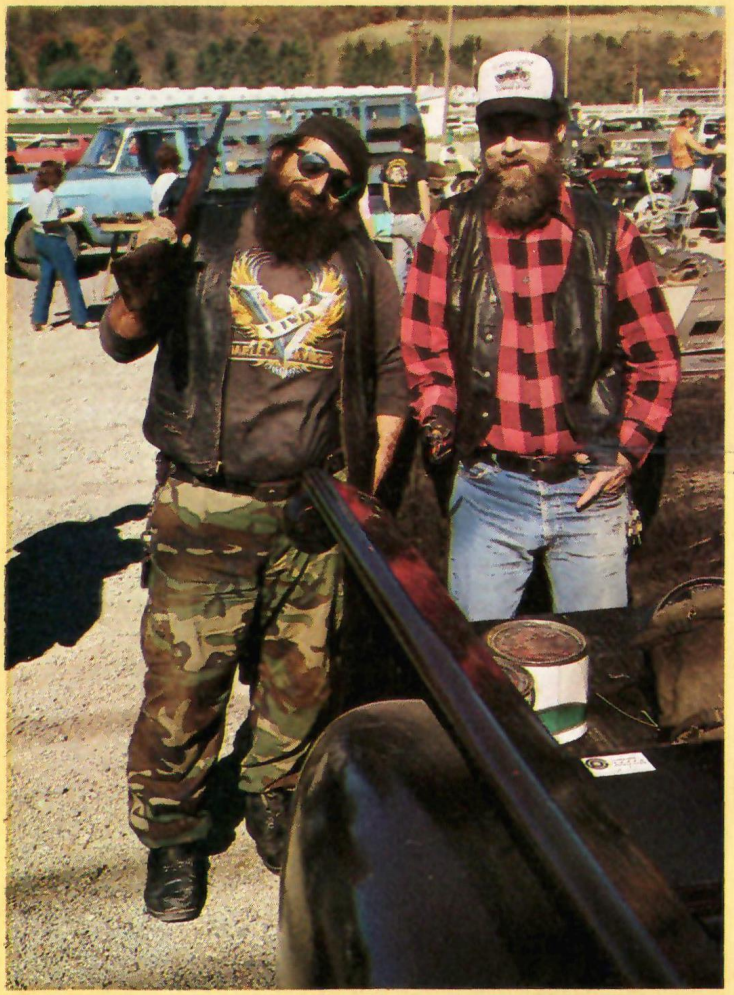
All flix this spread by Lee Castle, Milan, MI

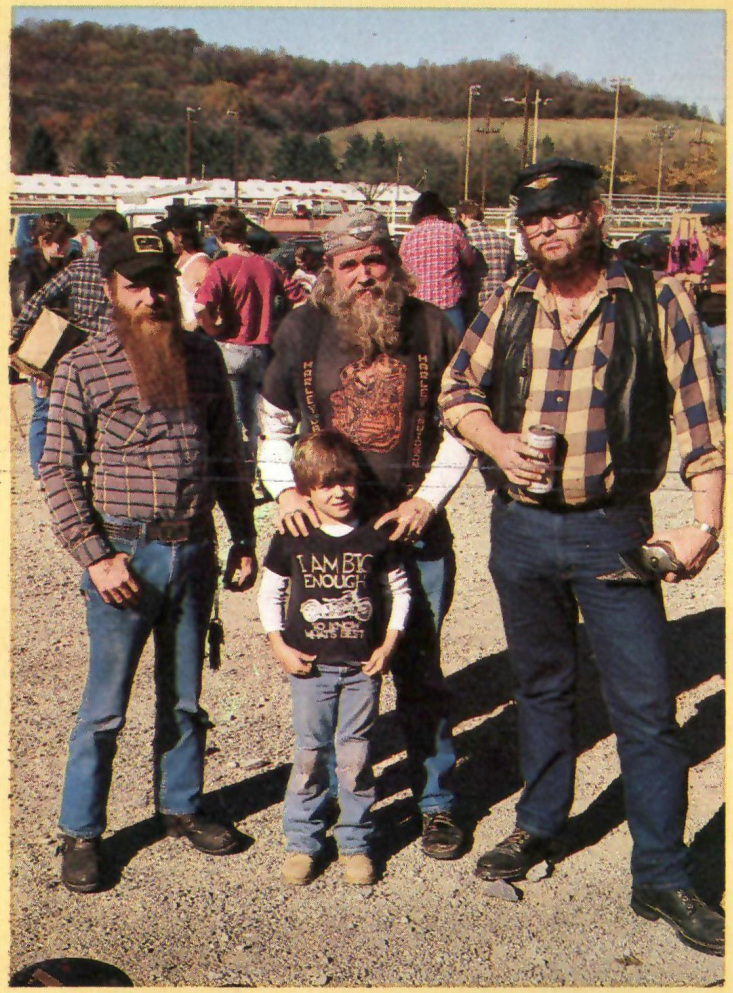
ROAD
ANGELS

"Yolanda at Daytona"—Picture Pat, Orlando, FL

"Candy visits the Sunshine State"—Picture Pat, Orlando, FL

Harley
Davidson





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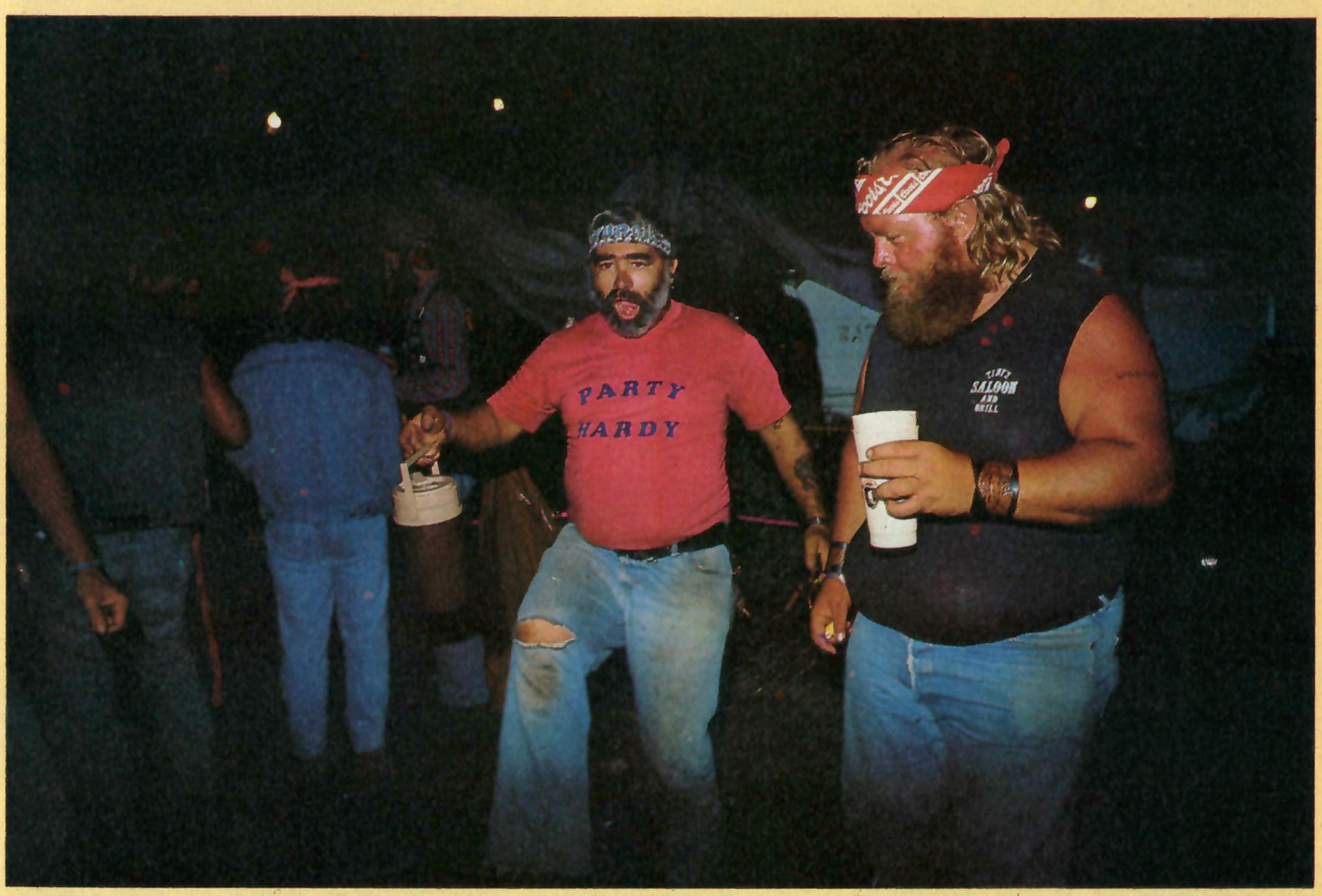

"Hardehardehar Hardy Partyer"—WW, Austin, TX

"Night riders"—WW, Austin, TX

The Bitchin' Blue Sturgis

CLASSIC AMERICAN

Story & Photos By Von Scoot

If you've attended any of the shows held in Philly the last two years, or were at Daytona or "The Rendezvous" this year, you've probably seen this bitchin blue Sturgis picking up the top trophies in its class. Chris and Barb Barbieri of Eastern Way Custom Cycles own this rightous scoot full of color and detail. The color theme runs from front to back, enhanced by detailed engraving on chrome, anodized aluminum, and gold.

Chris designed his '80 Sturgis and did all the wrenching himself. Fact is, he has bros standing in line to wrench their scoots. After several fun miles to Main and back, he tore it apart during the winter of '83. All the painted parts were sent to Cycle Fab. Rudy Pena was sent all the parts that would be engraved. The back wheel alone has an incredible amount of time and money invested in the engraving.

When all the parts were returned, it was time for final assembly and more detailing. Chris painted the discs to match the wheels and the insides of each and every Allen bolt. After all this midnight oil was burned, he was ready to take on the most famous bike show of all, the Rat's Hole in Daytona, where he picked up a second place in the largest class. Since displaying there, he has taken this scoot to Philly, Baltimore, and to "The Rendezvous" only to capture all 1st places, Outstanding Bike Engine, and Judges' Choice.

Up front you'll notice a 19-in. Mag painted and polished. Dual disc

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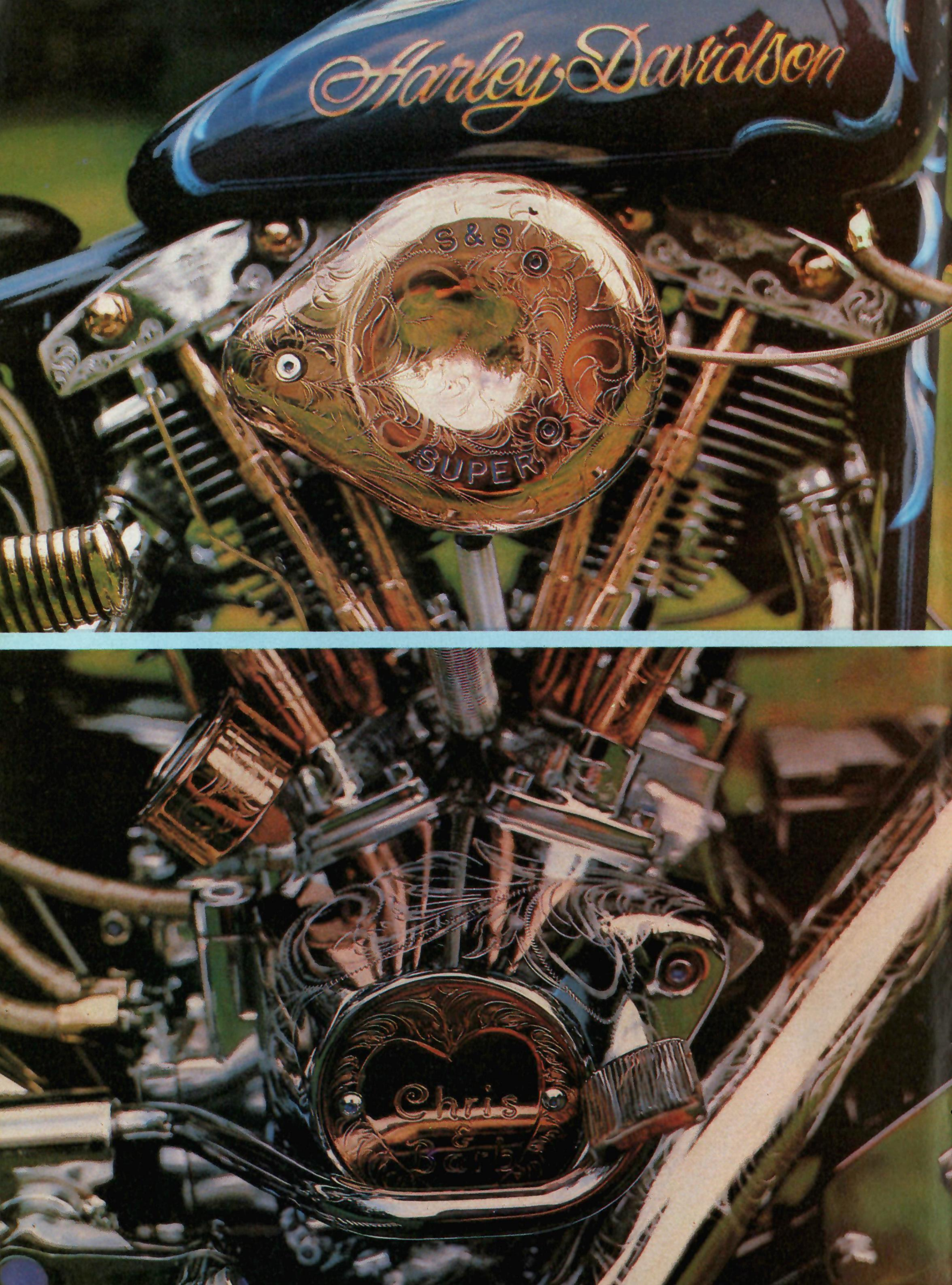
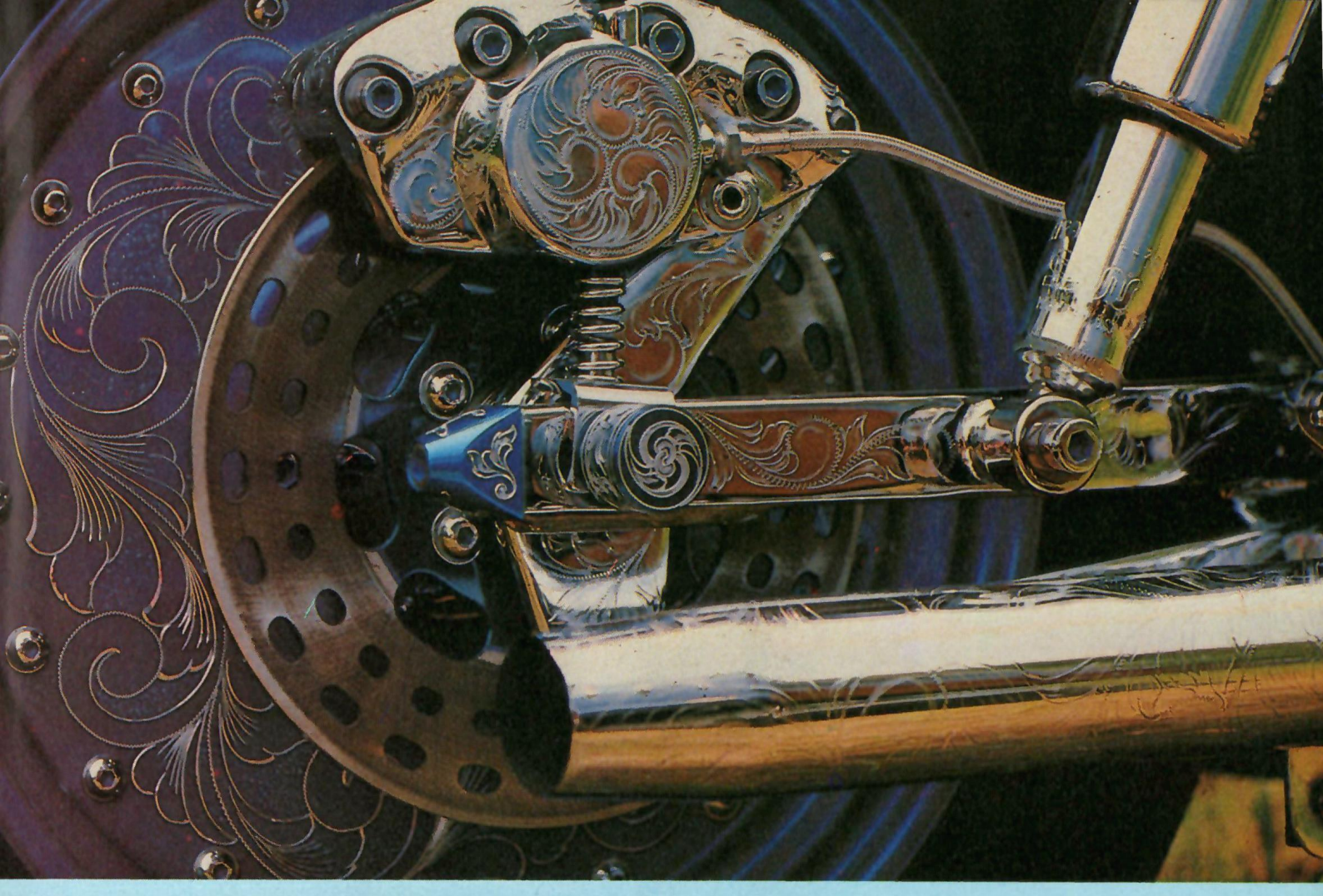
Harley-Davidson


Harley Davidson
S&S
SUPER
Chris



Tech Sheet

Owner: Chris & Barb Barbieri
City: Haddon Heights, NJ

General
Fabrication by: Owner
Year and make: 1980 H-D Twin Belt
Model: Shovel-Sturgis
Value: $20,000 plus
Assembly by: Owner
Chroming by: Action Plating

Engine
Year: 1980
Model: Shovel
Rebuilder: Owner
Ignition: Electronic
Displacement: 84 cubic inches
Pistons: S&S
Cases: Polished H-D
Heads: Ported
Cam(s): Andrews A Grind
Lifters: Sifton Solids
Carb(s): S&S Super
Pipes: 2" Fubar Headers

Frame
Year: 1980
Builder: H-D
Type: Swingarm-lowered shocks mts.

Accessories
Bars: FxB Drag bars
Risers: 3½" Pullback
Fenders: Stock-rear bobbed
Headlight(s): Frosted
Speedo: Stained blown glass lenses
Front pegs: Drag Specialties
Electrics: Wiring in bars
Gas tank: Stock
Oil tank: Stock
Oil system: Stainless braid
Seat: Al's Trimshop

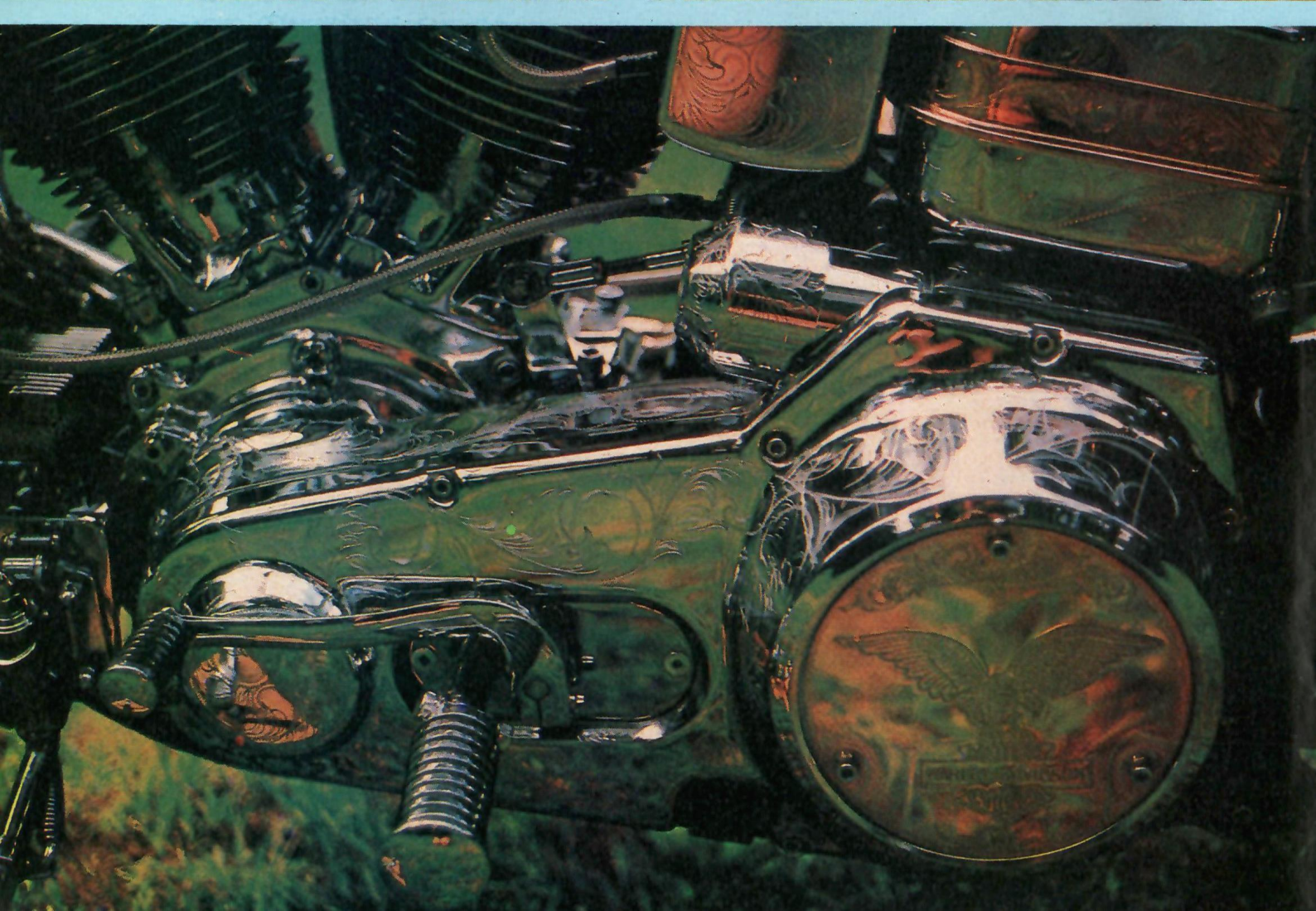
Transmission
Year: 1980 Sturgis
Shifting: Left foot

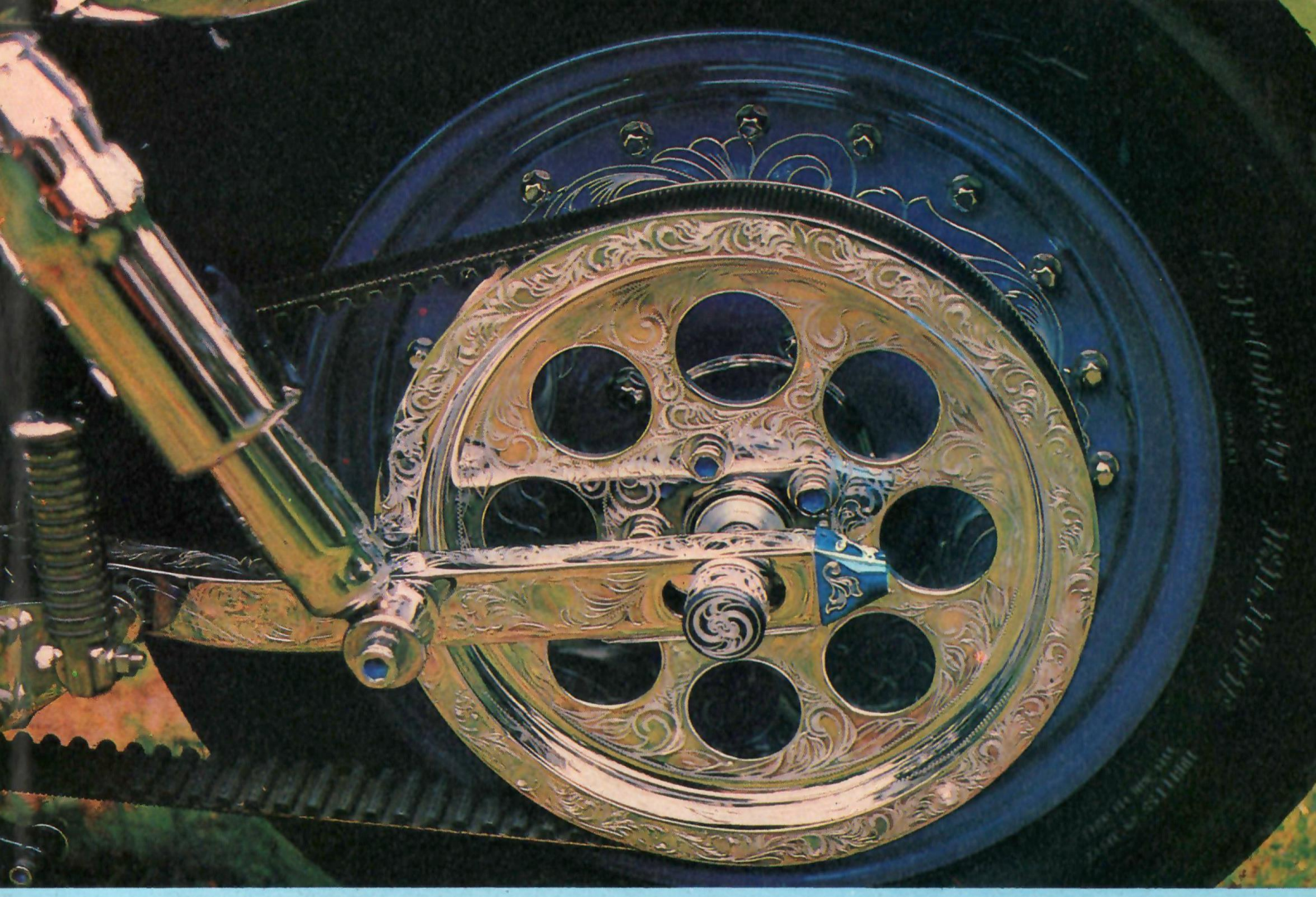
Painting
Molding: Light
Painter: Dave Perewitz/Cycle Fab
Color: Candy turquoise & Blue overlay
Special paint: Silver and gold leafing by Roy Mason/Cycle Fab

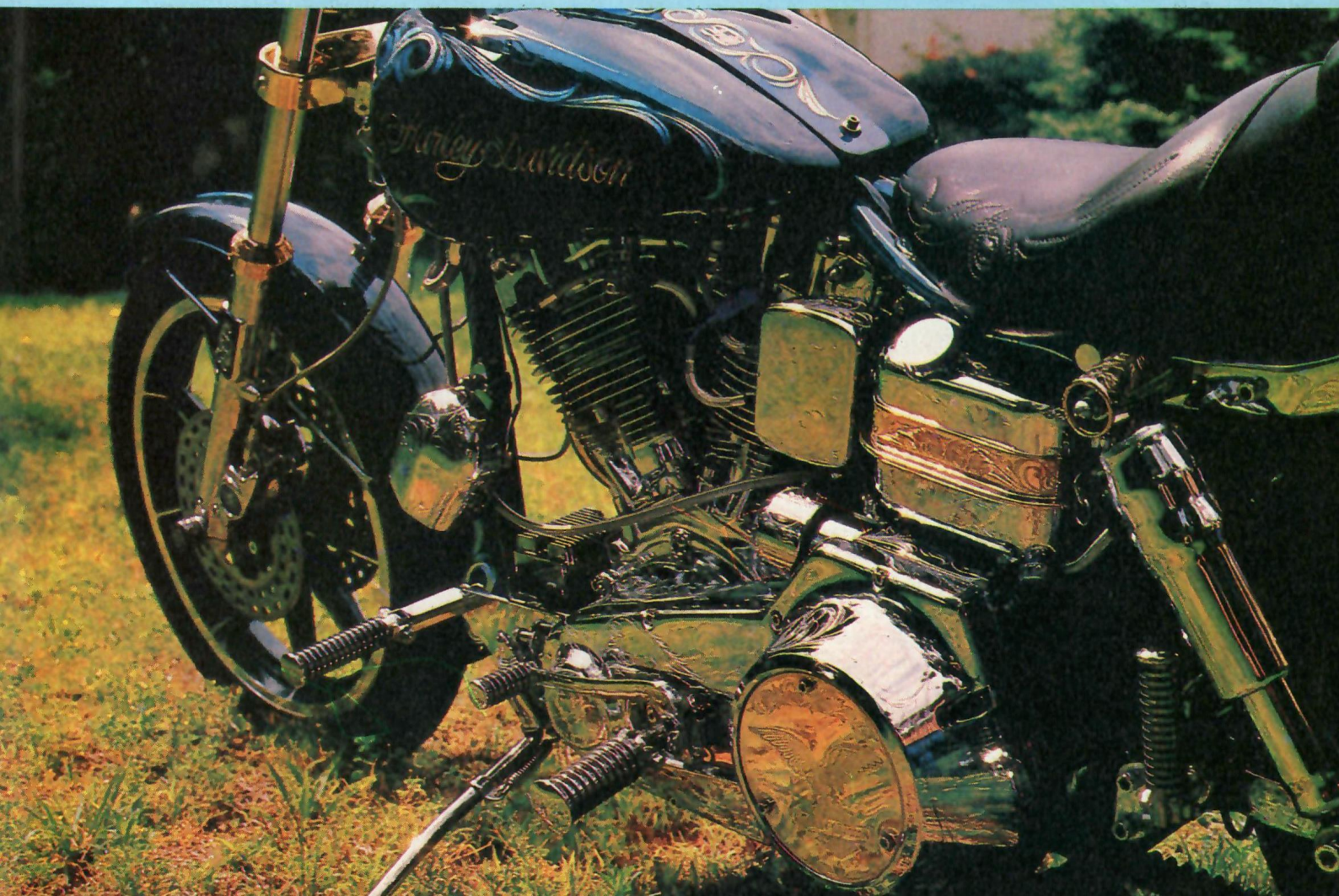
Forks
Type: H-D and Air Boost
Extension: 2"

Wheels
Front wheel size: 19"
Rear wheel size: 16"
Front tire: Goodyear
Rear tire: Dunlop Sportelite
Front brake: Dual disc
Rear brake: Disc
Other special modifications: Handmade handlebar clamp—anodized and engraved; air forks and rear air shocks—lines run through wiring harness; lowered swingarm shock mounts—hand made fork inserts; all engraving on chrome and gold by Rudy Pena, Special thanks to: Barb, Cycle Fab, Rudy Pena—Action Plating.

Harley-Davidson






Harley-Davidson

IRON HORSE TATTOO PARTY

The Rag Is Honored By The Tattoo & Body Arts Society Of NY

Black & White Photos By Michael "Studio of the Streets" Belenky
Color Photos By Danger Brown
Shot on location at Sixth Sense Gallery, East Sixth Street, NYC

Screwed, blewed and tattooed, that's about what happened the other night at the First Annual Tattoo & Body Arts Society of New York's party for *Iron Horse*,. We got lots of good shots, but somewhere along the way things went haywire.

First, let me tell ya something about the Society. It was founded in January 1985 to fill definite void in the area. See, the tattoo clubs that exist are all national associations, which may hold one or two

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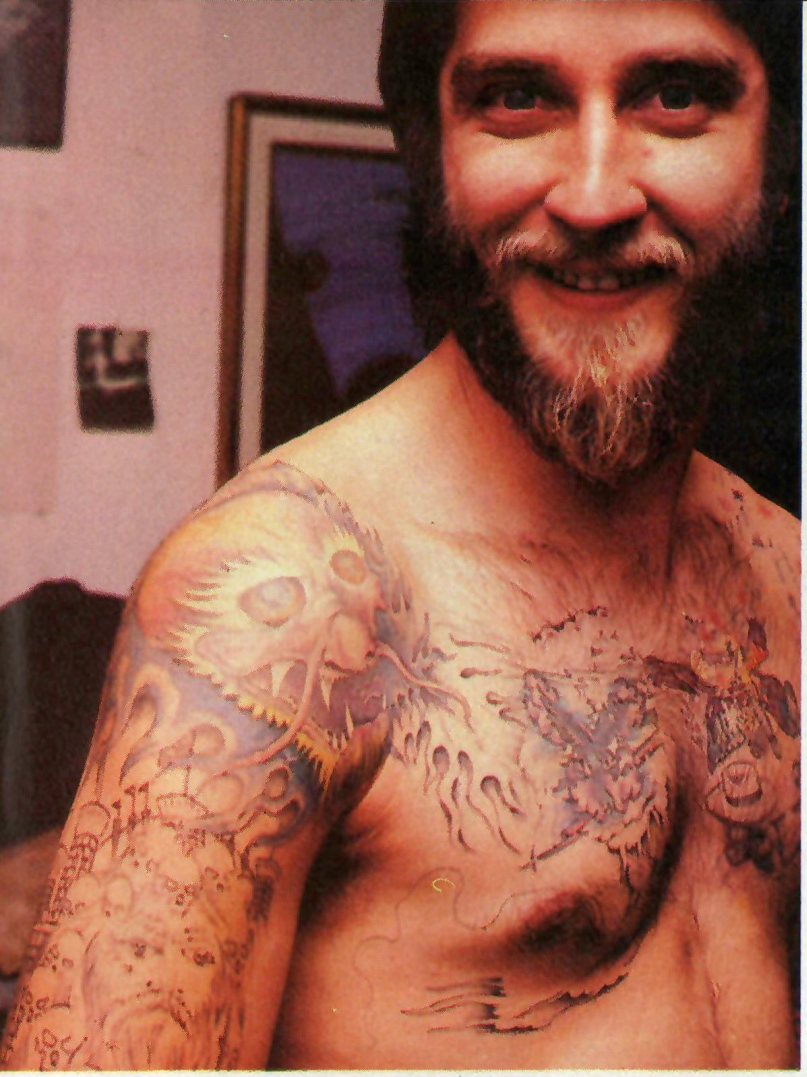
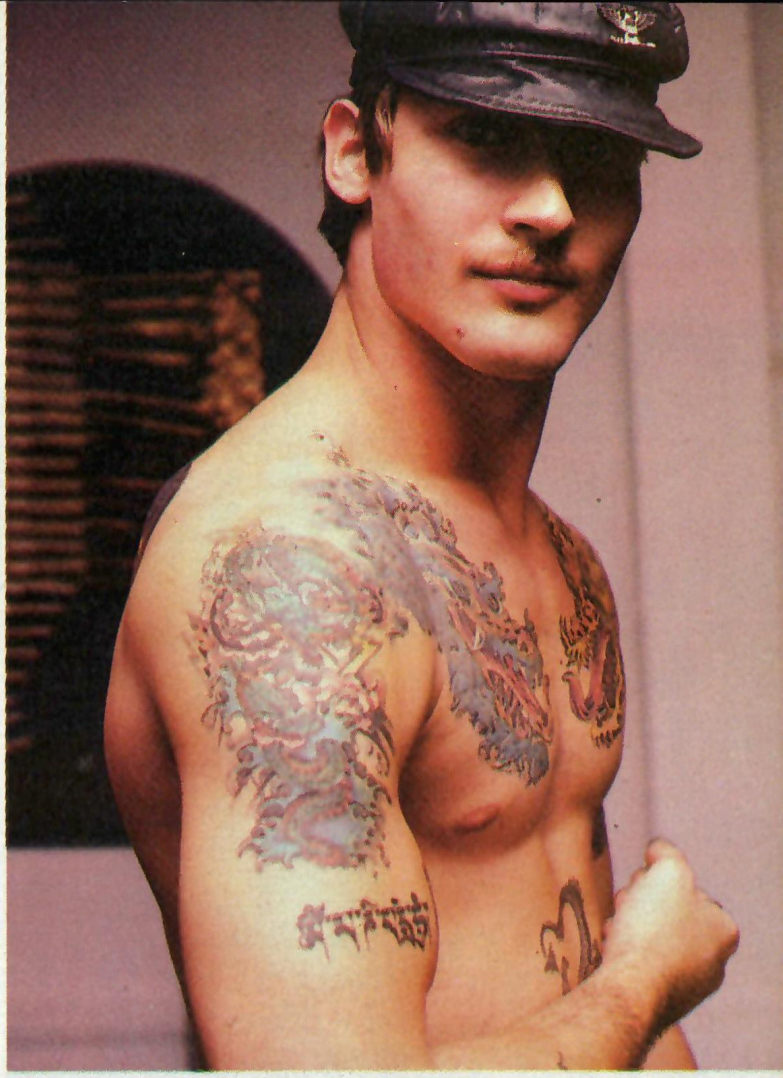
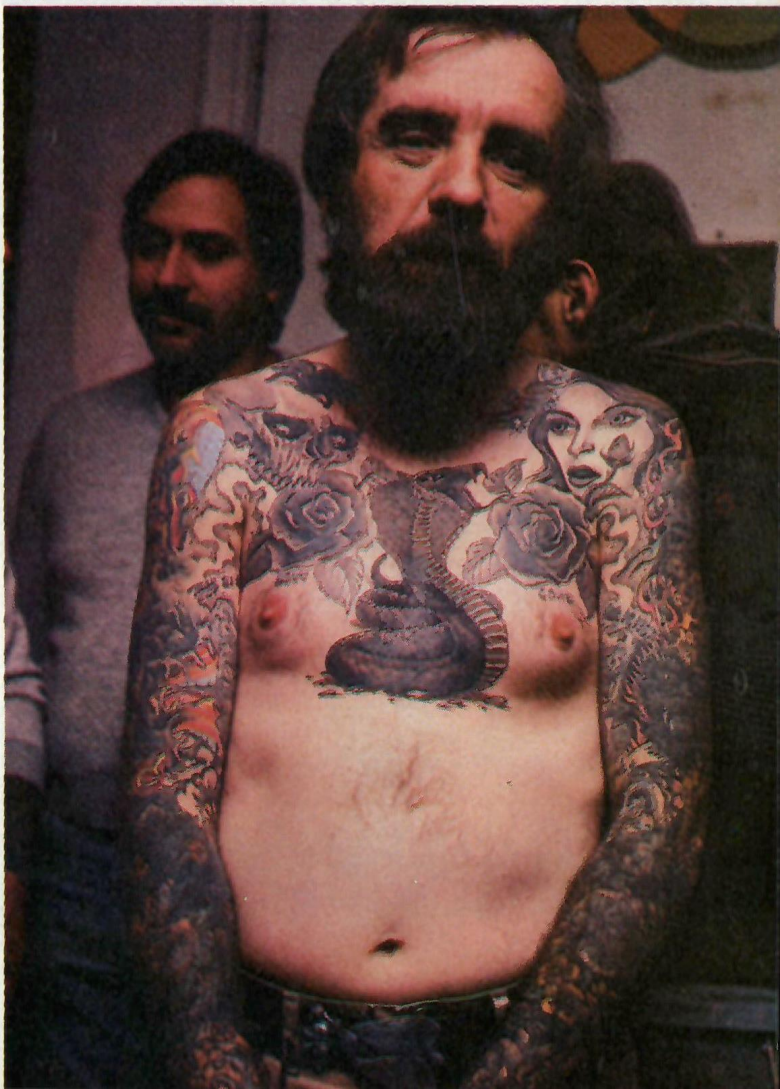
N.J.



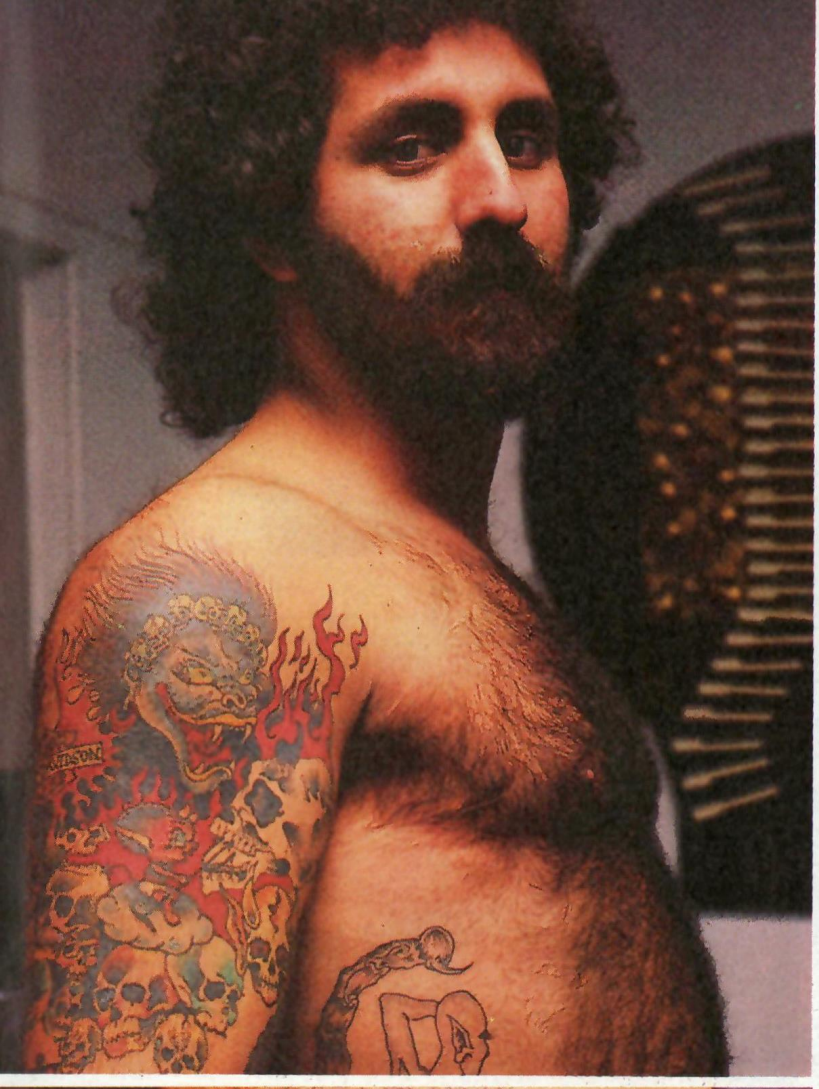


harley
Davidson



CASTLE
DUBRAVA
VOICE

GONE



Rolling Ro
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HARLEY
RENDEZVOUS
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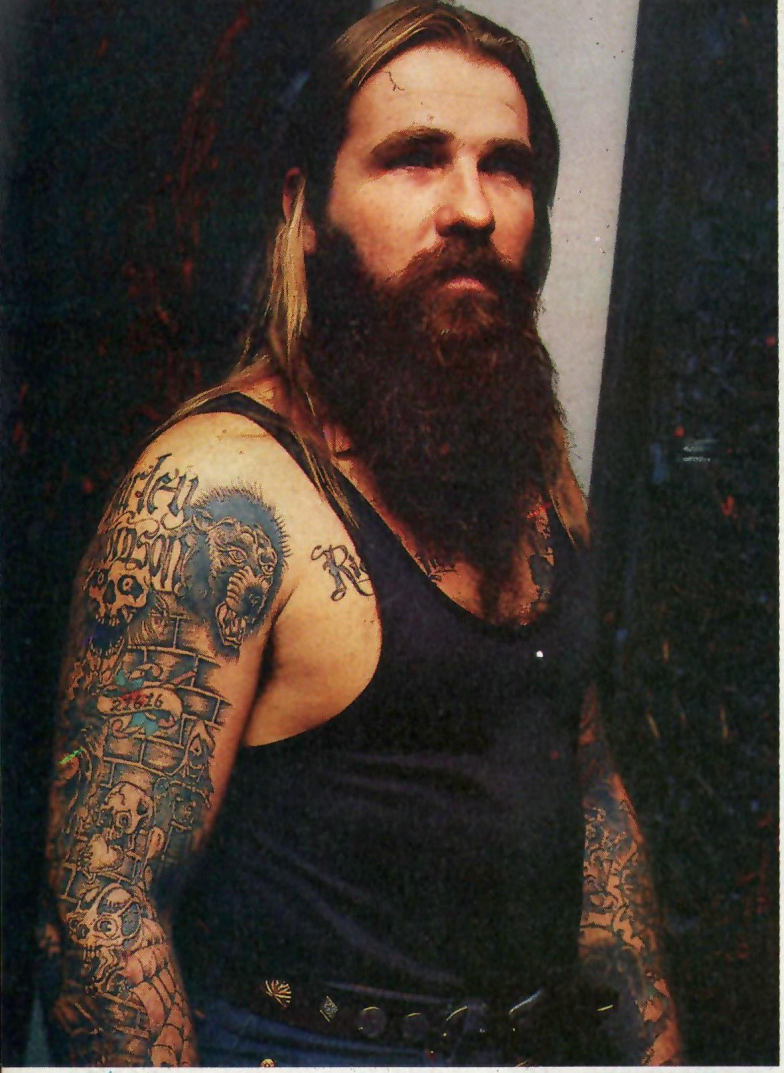

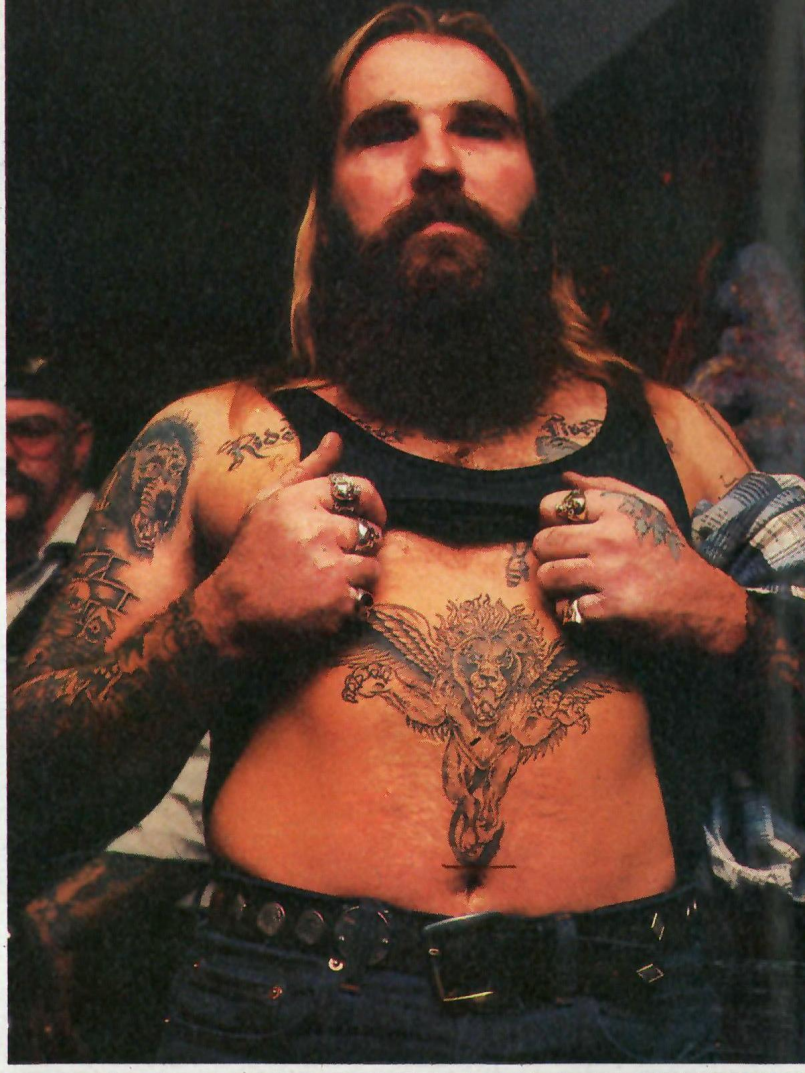

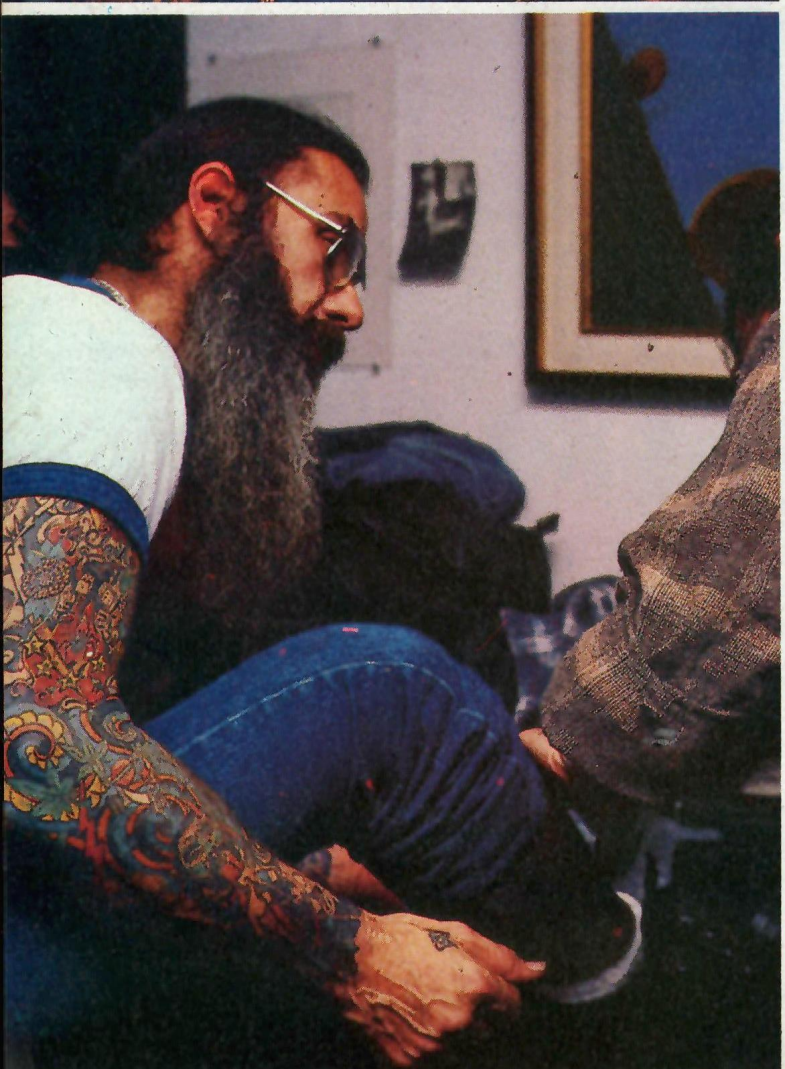

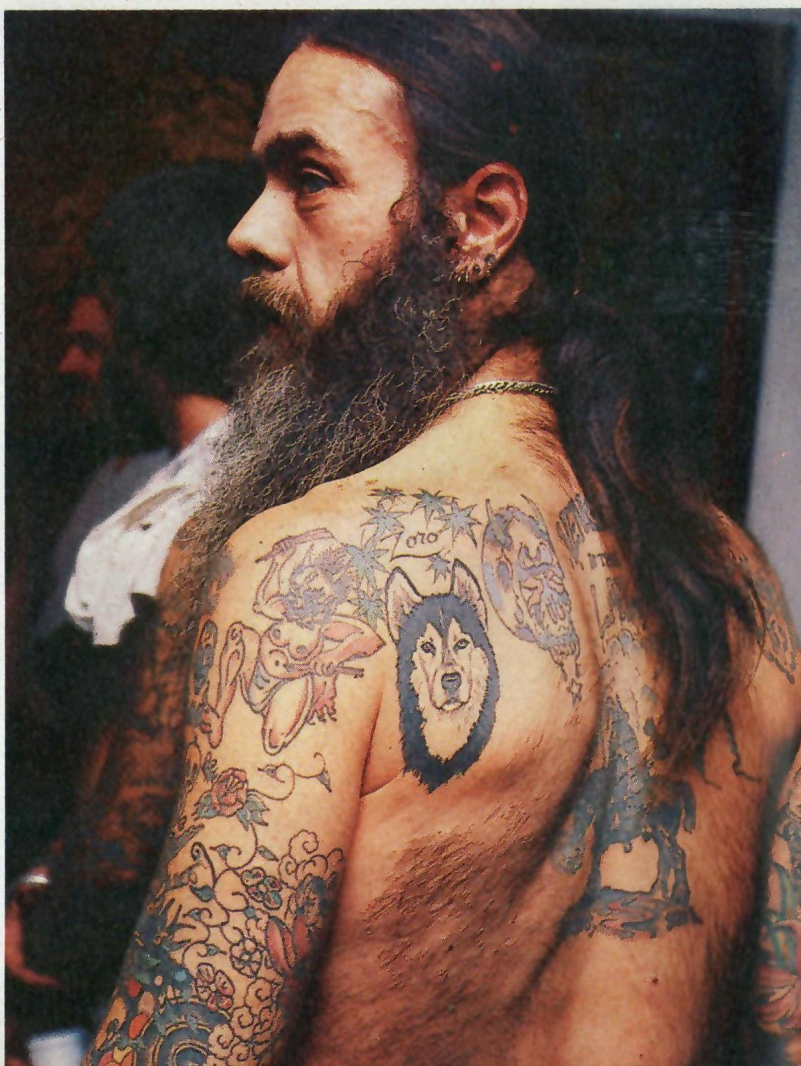

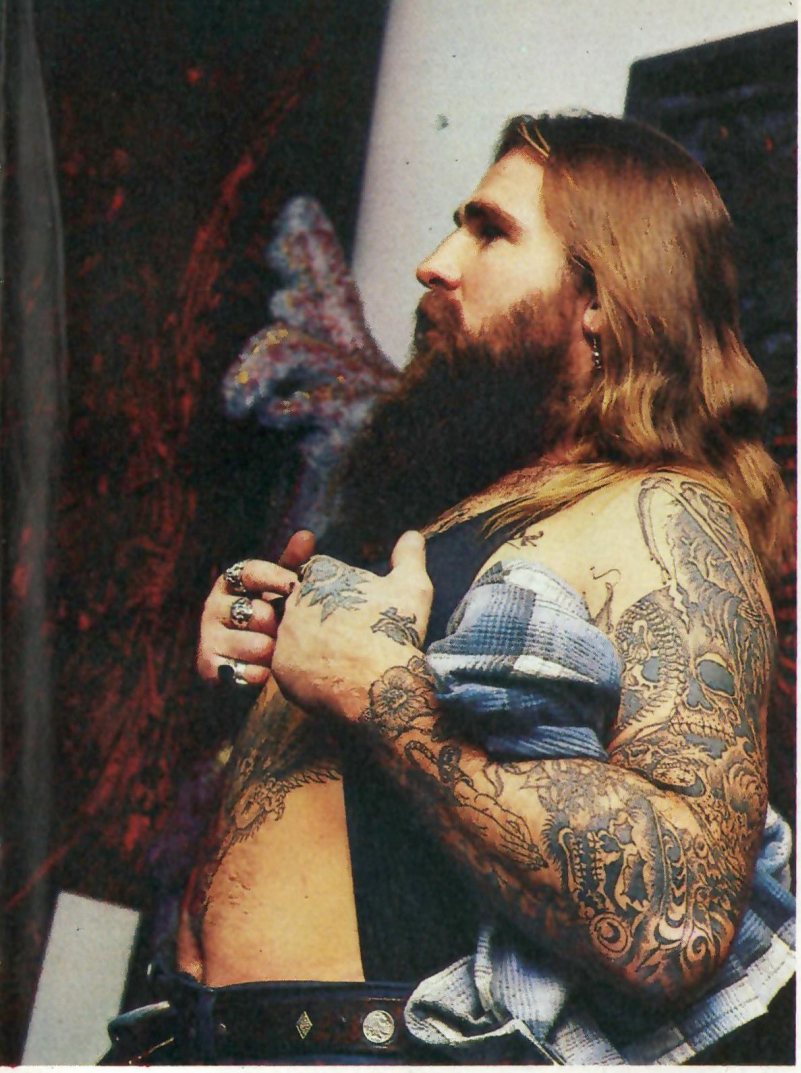

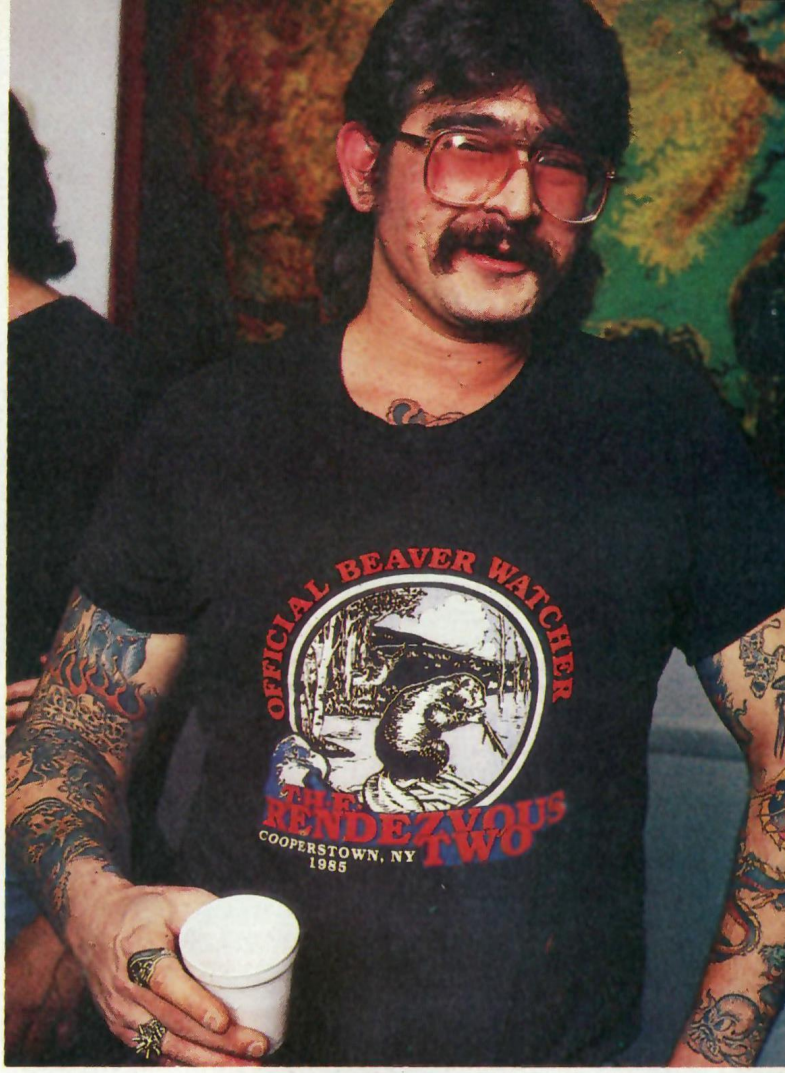
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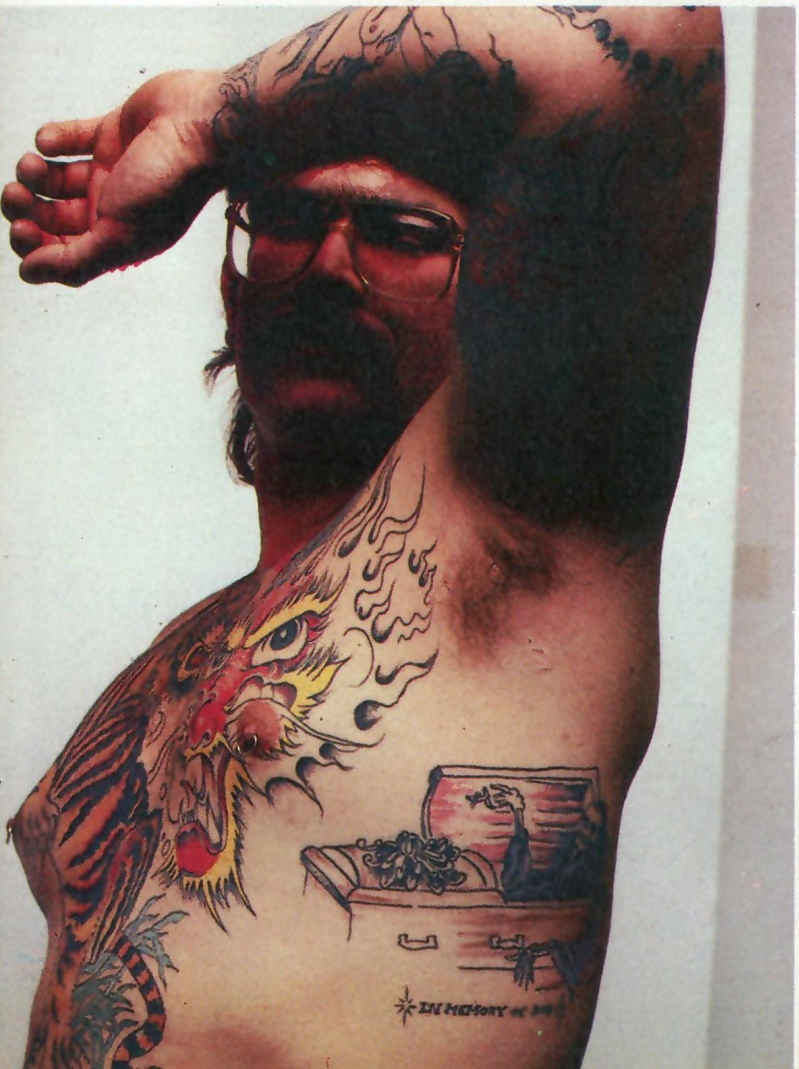

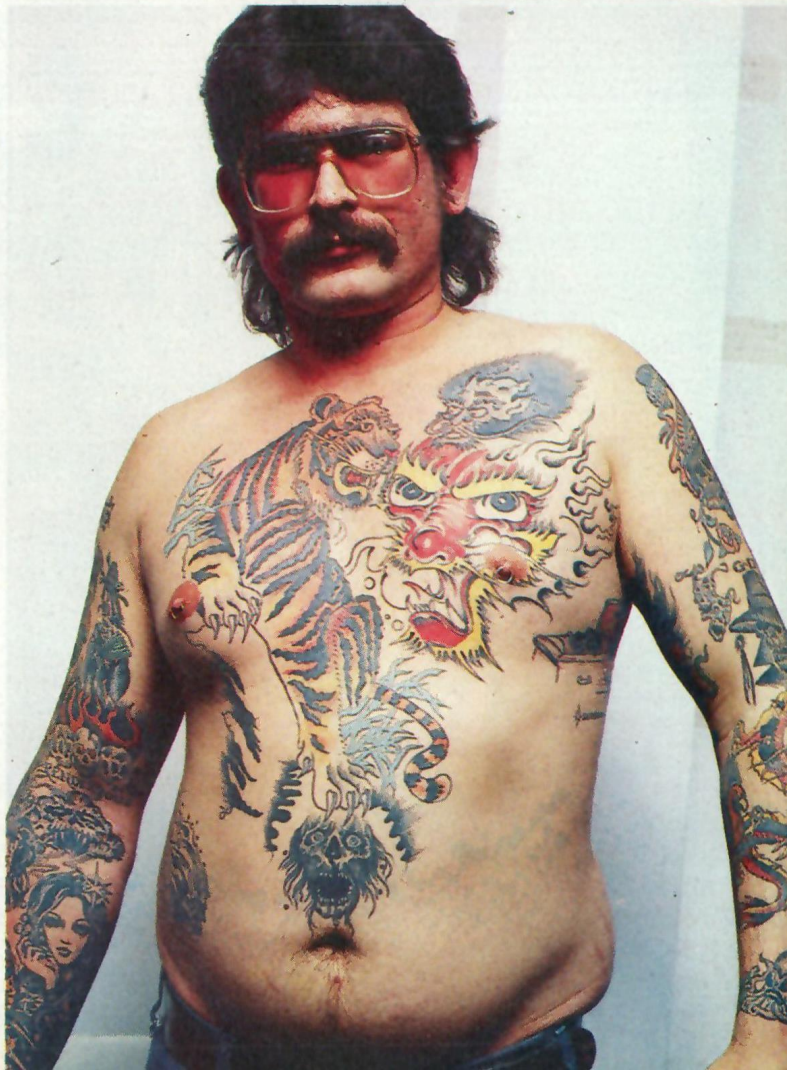

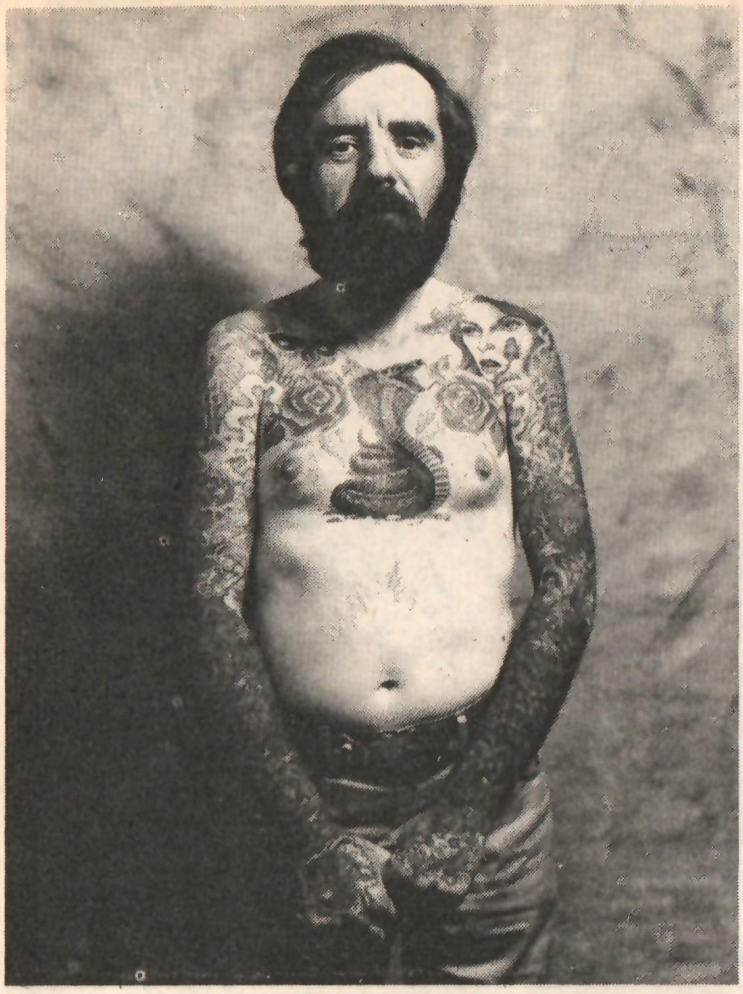

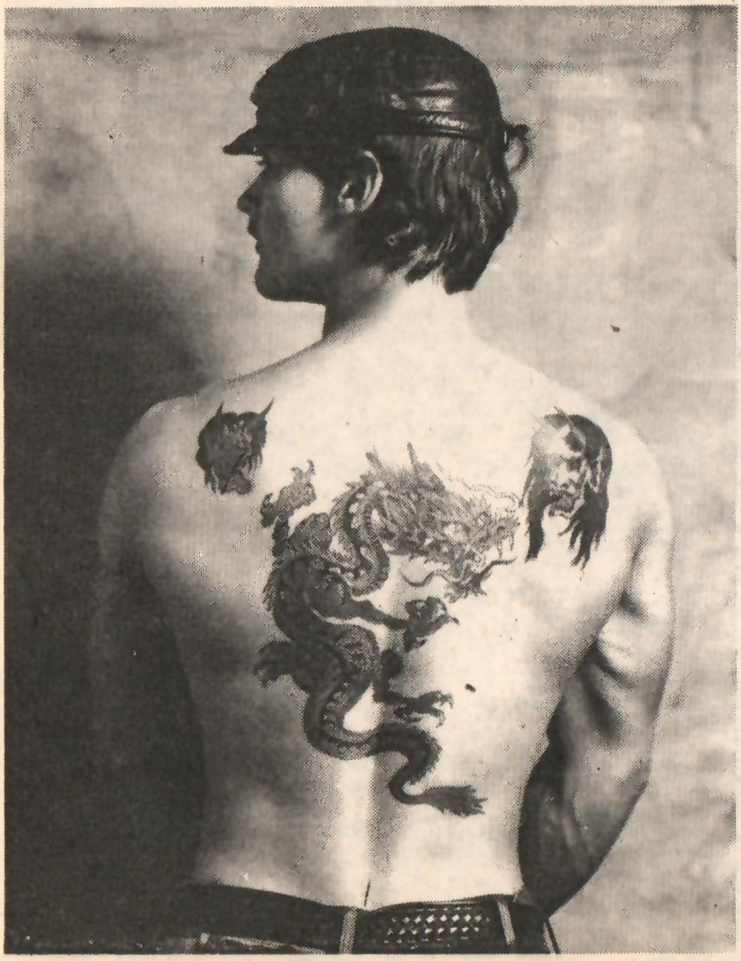

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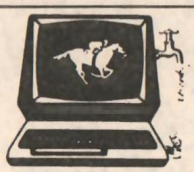

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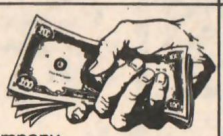

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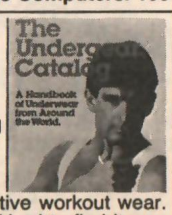

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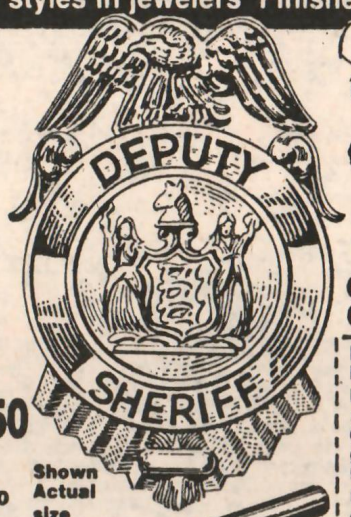

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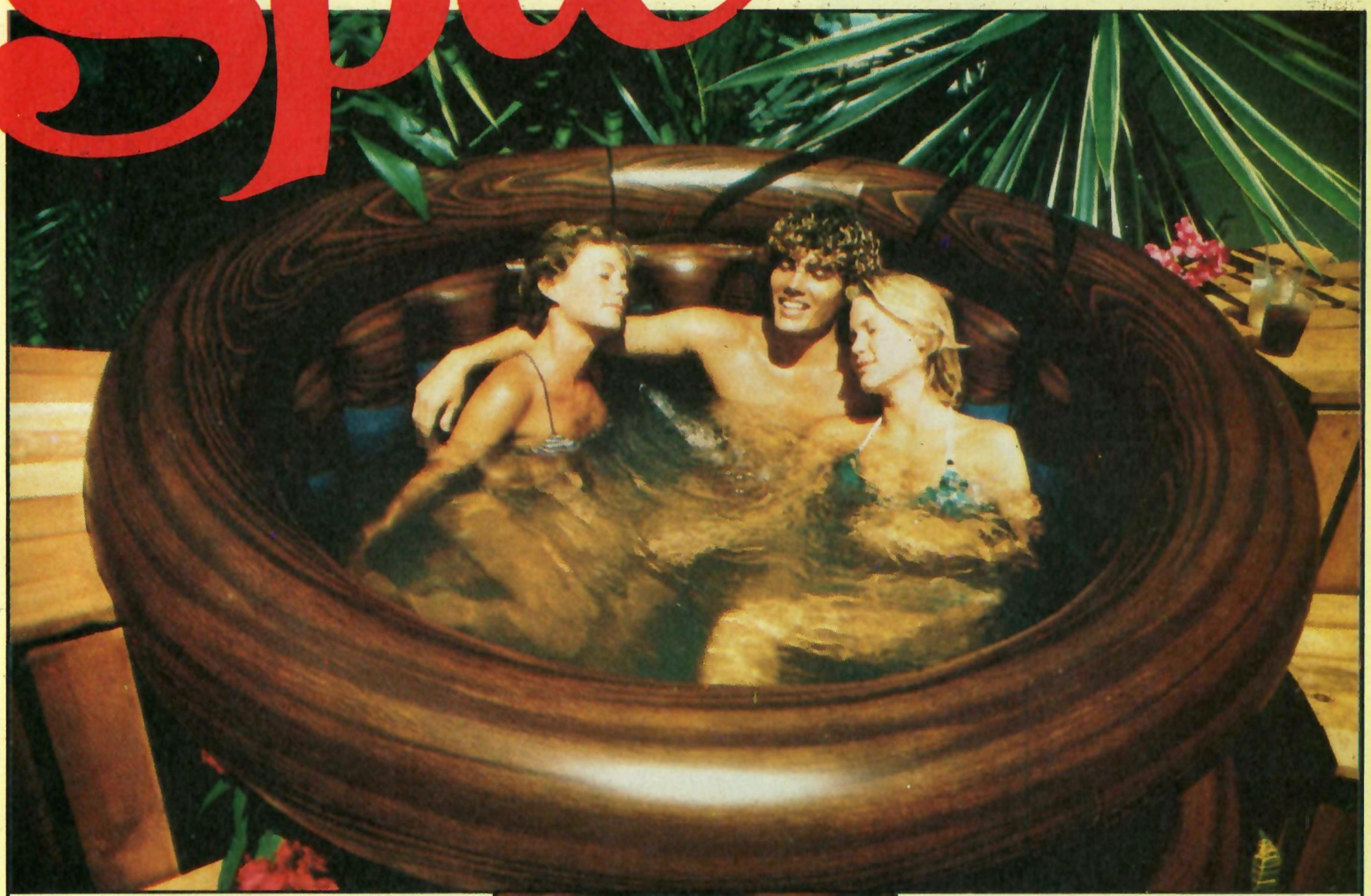

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Operates on a 12 volt sealed rechargeable battery (sold separately). ORDER NOW and receive the special Malibu HYDRO SPA accessory package—a $70.00 value for only $45.00

Accessory package includes:

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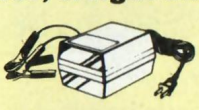

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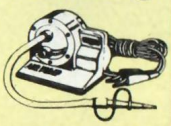

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

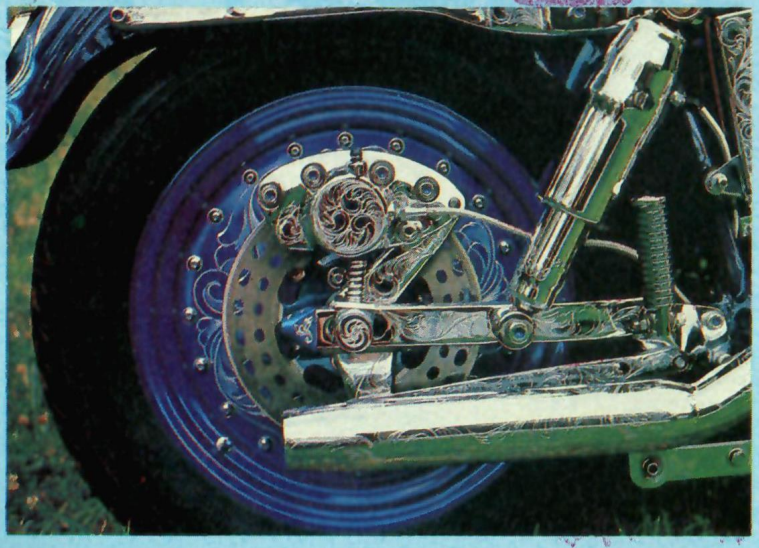
brakes stop the Goodyear rubber. To the rear you see the blue anodized Centerline Wheel carved by Cycle Fab. A 16-in. Dunlop Sport Elite wraps itself around this beautiful rear wheel assembly, and take a close look at the engraving on the rear belt sprocket.

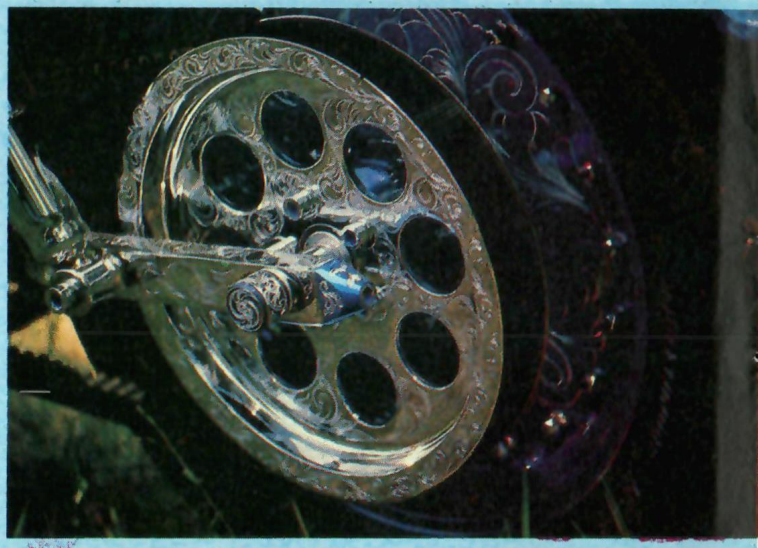
The Hog engine has been rebuilt out of 84 cu. in. with S&S pistons, Manley valves, Sifton solid lifters, Andrews Agrino cam, and S&S Super Carb. A set of 2-in. Fubar pipes emit the classic Harley exhaust note. Then a few hours were set aside for polishing and more polishing. Check out the Sumax stainless braid over the Super Blue "Pro Wires" and see how it adds to the color theme.

Handle bars are FXB Drag Bars sitting on top of 3½-in. Pullback Risers. The top handlebar clamp is one of the items made by Chris, then anodized and engraved. The front fender remained stock while rear fender has been bobbed. The headlight has been frosted while a stained-blown glass lens covers the speed. Al's Trim Shop stitched the seat.

Chris did the light molding while Cycle Fab shot the candy turquoise and blue overlay. Superb silver and gold leafing laid by Cycle Fab's Roy Mason. All chrome, gold, anodized, the painted surfaces are protected and made glossy by Sumax Lusterizing Sealant.

If you have any questions about Chris and BArb Barbieri's scoot, you can contact him at Eastern Way Custom Cycles, 505 White Horse Pike, Haddon Heights, N.J. 08035. Both Chris and Barb are genuine Harley people. That's Barb in the pictures making the "Classic American" look so good. □





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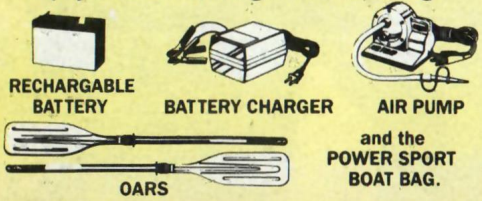

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DREAM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

before he went in and raped her. Just then the music changed, and there was Karen, strutting into the living room. She wore a tight, black satin corset that lifted her tits straight out. BArry's eyes travelled slowly down her body to the matching garter belt and neatly trimmed bush, then followed the smooth line of her legs in their smoky nylons to the high leather boots. "Holy Fuck!" he gasped. Those long legs sashayed forward and stepped up on the coffee table in front of him. Those hips began to bump n grind as Karen used every stripper's trick he'd ever seen and a few moves that he hadn't. She stepped over on to the couch and rotated her pussy invitingly over his mouth, teasing his tastebuds, then slipped down to kneel at his feet. Her fingers expertly eased down his jeans. Barry watched her silky hair swirling around his waist and sighed in anticipation. She licked her lips and leaned forward...

He always woke up at that point in the dream, alone in his bunk and intensely frustrated. Gone in an instant was the softness of blond hair under his hand, the acrid smell of good smoke mixing with tangy scent of female lust, the warm wetness of lips and tongue. A familiar ache slid down his body and settled into a steady, persistent throb in his groin. Night after night the gloom seemed more hopeless, the time left more endless. The dream had become a nightmare, a symbol of the life that was passing him by. Instead of music, he would hear the sound of other inmates snoring, the occasional tramping echo of the guards, and finally the harsh rattling of the bell, telling him to quit brooding and get up. "This time," he though grimly, "I'm not gonna hear any of it. I'm not even gonna open my eyes. I'll just try to get back ta sleep. Maybe I'll even finish the dream." He willed himself to drift off again. Already the bed seemed softer. He heard no snoring, only some deep, even breathing. "Man, this is great," he muttered. "If I just reached out, I might even find Karen lyin' right there. Maybe I just dreamed I woke up." He relaxed into the mattress, into the dream.

Long fingernails scraped gently over his chest, and someone moved over his body. His rigid rod was gathered up and surrounded by something unmistakeably warm and wet. Karen's hips set up a circling motion that lifted his ass off the bed. "Oh, yeah... Fuck me..." a familiar voice moaned, and her hips moved faster. He slammed up into her one, two, three times...

Barry at last opened his eyes. The early morning sun filtered into the room through leafy branches. Karen, still straddling his groin, smiled down at him. "Welcome home, babe." □

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LADY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

plans to meet in Washington, D.C. and together haul up to Liberty Park, New Jersey. There were some folks who rode the whole way with the Harley execs, includin the execs' wives. One hard ridin dude rode out from North Carolina to L.A., rode with Willie G. to Jersey, then rode home to N.C. That's a lotta miles.

Willie G. and Vaughn, with their respective groups met in D.C. for the last leg of the ride, includin 56-year-old "Motorcycle Grandma". Her ride fer the last year has been to travel the 48 continental states and their capitols, which she did, D.C. bein her last stop. On the way up, Vaughn got to the park first—somehow Willie G. got lost along the way, and turned up 45 minutes later. When they got there, they were greeted by a large crowd of brothers and sisters (two parking lots full of em!) who had been partyin it up. It was a pisser to see the wide-eyed citizens there when they all cruised in.

At the cermonies, Vaughn Beals presented the Save the Lady Committee with a check fer $250,000 and the promise fer a matchin check when all the Liberty edition Harleys are sold. Vaughn said he wants the total to be around $600,000 cause that's what it initially cost to put up the statue.

Later, they auctioned off some stuff to raise even more money. Vaughn's jacket went fer $1100 and Willie G.'s was bought by a Jersey City dude fer $1250. Even the big "Liberty Ride" banner went fer $800.

All in all, it was some good partyin to save the Lady and make Ratso feel proud as hell to be ridin a Harley and to be associated with a company where the execs are real people! □

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If you are like the average person, you have experienced the futility, the frustration and the "slings and arrows" of life and would indeed welcome the kind of change we are offering. Why not, you've thought many times, join the world of the clever, the accomplished and the well-known, popular people. Watch your esteem rise when you quietly begin to get people to do your bidding, to perform your will. Your own self-respect and confidence will rise with it and you will almost without realizing it, become a much more relaxed and self-assured person whose ability will become immeasurably enhanced. You'll see.

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About the author . . .

He is a well-respected writer whose name has appeared in such well-known publications as National Enquirer, Cosmopolitan, True Story, Globe/Examiner, Star, VFW, and many others in a list that includes over 50 magazines. He has written a wide range of how-to-do-it books and self-help publications including seven printed in the past seven years, all of which have won national acclaim by critics and the general public.

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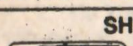
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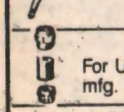
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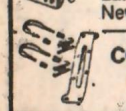
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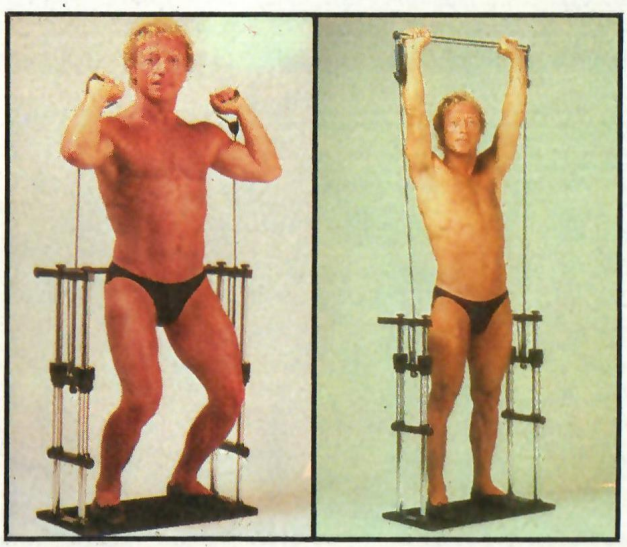

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TATTOO PARTY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

conventions a year in places like Seattle and Houston. But now bout those folks who ain't got the time or money to get to some faraway place? The answer was to start a local club that would meet and greet, smoke and joke and compare and contrast with one another on a regular basis.

So, they done it. The honchos behind it are Roger Kaufman, Tattoo Mike and Yuri Kapralov, who owns the Sixth Sense Gallery where the meets are held.

"Tattoos are happening all over," says Kaufman. "There's some really great things being done on the west coast, in the south, everywhere." And what better way to keep up than with an informal monthly get-together for a little show and tell.

The membership includes artists, human canvases, college professors, fuzz, a museum curator and of course bikers and their ol ladies—anyone and everyone who's into flesh fashion.

"I can go into any biker bar and take my shirt off and the dudes really love to see my work," Kaufman says. "Bikers are very courteous people and interested in tattooing. Sometimes you hear they have a bad image, but I think that's just a media hype or something."

So, in an effort to attract more of the bikin brotherhood, they decided to give a little party to honor the rag's interest in tattooing. And since they was nice enuf to include us in their plans, we're gonna give em a plug. Anybody that's into tats can contact the Sixth Sense Gallery, 525 East Sixth Street, NYC 10009, phone: (212) 695-6024 to find about out the club. The next scheduled meet is the first Monday in March, when they're havin a fashion show designed to teach yer old ladies how to wear stuff that'll show off, not hide, their body art. You can also contact us at the rag and we'll give ya any information ya want. They are tryin to develop a national network of like-minded fanatics.

Anyway, as I was sayin, we wuz all on our best behavior, since it a rare event when anyone wants to honor us instead of throwing us in jail. Fact is, we was so good, it began hurtin, so me and Radd decided to put on our shirts and hit the streets to find out what was happenin outside. Like many a disaster, it seemed like a good idea at the time.

We hooked (and I do mean hooked) up with this scuzzy ol hoor by the name of Liza, who sports some kinda flower growin out of her pussy. Now Liza's so dirty that for a minute me and Radd thought the fuckin flower wuz real, it growin outta the dirt and all. But it turned out that it was just one hell of a realistic tattoo. Faded, I guess, but it was hard to tell since Liza don't wash much and looks pretty dark for a white woman.

Anyway, me'n Rad wuz impressed with the tat, but we also ain't crazy. Neither me or him was gonna sink our cranks in next to that flower or fungus or whatever the hell it was. So we decided her mouth must be better than'n her pussy and gave her a buck apiece to blow us. She's gotta make a livin too. Problem wuz, we wuz prob'bly her first customers since VE Day and she was a bit out of practice. Sloppy and all. But when she was done with us, Radd gets this idea in his head that he wants to eat her. Now, that's the fourteenth or fifteenth most disgusting idea I ever heard of and I told him so, the big asshole. But he's not to be denied and he hunkers down on that ol twat and begins slurpin it up like it was gold. Musta had to strain the dirt out with his teeth.

He's makin all these noises like he's havin a good time, so I can't take no more, and go back to the party for a while. I mean, the thought of eatin out that dirty ol pussy's makin me sick.

About an hour later when I go back to check up on him, all I see is Liza lyin there in the alley, her fat legs spread wide apart and this boot stickin out of her pussy. She's got this great look of contentment on her face; she's really diggin this. But she's swallowed my bro, so I yell, "Ya crazy ol cunt, leggo of Radd". And I run over to her and take ahold of the boot and begin to pull on it. Pretty soon I get an ankle, then a shin and finally a leg with an anteater tattooed on it. It's fuckin Radd.

It takes me about ten minutes to get him outta there and he's all wet and sticky, but he has the look of a happy man on his mug.

"Why'd ya pull me out?" he says.

"That's gotta be the most dangerous pussy in the world," I says. "I saved yer life, man."

"The shit ya did," he said. "There was this cherry Knuck stuck up there and I was givin it a fast tune up."

Well, as ya may have gathered by now that Radd is a liar, so I don't know whether ta believe him or not. That wuz an awful big pussy, but a Knuck? A Sporty maybe, but not a Knuck. □

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